



WRITERS FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPING.

THE GUNMAKER OF MOSCOW;

OR,

A ROMANCE AS IS A ROMANCE!

Being a poetized history of the above named individual, in yeh heroic strain, and also a singing of a young lady what loved him.

"It was a gay old time."—SHAKESPEARE.

I.

'Tis of a rich maiden, who in Moscow did dwell,
And who had a fine "lurver," as some one does tell,
His name it was Ruric, a Russian so bold,
That the heart of this maiden completely he'd stol'd.
Singing too ral, I, ral, I, ral, I, co, &c.

II.

And Ruric was handsome, and noble, and gallant—
And, O gosh! just was n't he quite valiant!
He'd eat a stone wall, or he'd drink dry a fountain,
In about the same time that he'd kick down a mountain!
Singing too ral, &c.

III.

But as Ruric was working in his shop one day,
Two fellows came to him, and thus they did say:
"Does you love the maid who has jewels and gold?"
"Nothing shorter!" says Ruric, a looking quite bold.
Singing too ral, &c.

IV.

"Well," says Damanoff (one of the fellows), says he
"I want you to love that fine girl unto me,
Or if not, why, I'll give you a belt in the gob,
That will make a cocked hat 'o this bit of a job!"
Singing too ral, &c.

V.

But the "dandier" of Ruric it riz and he holler'd:
"I'm darned if you will!" as the feller he collar'd,
And liftin' his mawler he gives him a whack,
What lays him a sprawlin' all onto his back.
Singing too ral, &c.

VI.

Now when th' other feller seed all this he sez:
"Stand off you big cuss, you got ter lick two on us!"
So Ruric again was just springin' his mawler,
When the feller thought Prudence the best part of Valor!
Singing too ral, &c.

VII.

Now arter these fellows had a' quite enuff,
They growl and growl, and then they growl and snuff,
And the chap on whose side so much had been cram'd
Swore he'd soon have revenge, or if not he'd be d—'dam'd!
Singing too ral, &c.

VIII.

So he went right straight home and he got ripplin' mad,
And a big sheet of paper soon before him he had:
"Ruric Neville, you think at me that you can scoff?
But you can't! To-morrow Night! Count Damanoff!"
Singing too ral, &c.

IX.

Now when they next came to the place of the fighting,
The matter of which I'm so freely inditing,
They pull out their rapiers and at it they goes,
With a splashin', and lashin', and dashin' of blows!
Singing too ral, &c.

X.

But at last Ruric at it went all with his might,
Knocking Damanoff, and the feller he fight—
Then thought that the feller to him would submit,
But the Ledger it says that he did n't a bit!
Singing too ral, &c.

XI.

For the Count he jumps up and says he to his second:
"Just get me a v'apon, and as I have reckon'd,
I'll make this young scoundrel right loudly to beller,
And rue sad the day he leav'd this feller!"
Singing too ral, &c.

XII.

So when the Count gett'd the sword what he wanted
He stept out again and he look'd yet undaunted,
But Ruric "gits mad," and he gives him a prod
What lays him a bleedin' all onto the sod.
Singing too ral, &c.

XIII.

Now when Ruric had seed all the mischief he'd done,
He sizz and he growl, and he look'd a' bit s'ore,
So the Count and young Ruric from this day were friends,
And here the fine trouble atwix 'em all ends.
Singing too ral, &c.

XIV.

But a great rampant villain now comes in the tale,
His name it is (Ora), a duke, tho' quite stale;
A guardian is he to the "misdoin' so fair,"
And he hopes her fine fortune one day "for to share."
Singing too ral, &c.

XV.

So he sends one Salvetan, a sham priest, who is humpy,
By reason of a fall from a prison so stumpy,
That a bump it did leave all atop of his back,
Just like an old petlar a shoulderin' his sack.
Singing too ral, &c.

XVI.

When the priest got the message he kept softly creepin'
To the place where the gal and attendant was reepin',
And tappin' her shoulder he said that a bride
She should be the next day in a crinoline wide.
Singing too ral, &c.

XVII.

Now when the poor maiden this sad tale did hear,
She sob'd and she said she'd soon be on her bier;
But the priest never minds her, he leaves her alone,
And she set up a bellerin' and bawlin' "Ochoas!"
Singing too ral, &c.

XVIII.

When the next day had come, or more proper the morrow,
The scene was to crown the poor little gal's sorrow,
For ratty-tat tat came a knock at the door,
And the Duke and the priest stood the maiden before.
Singing too ral, &c.

XIX.

"Now, Sir Priest," says the Duke, "just go on with the sarnes,
As fast as a boss what is whaled by a carman,
Or if not, by the gal what I now cuss my eyes on,
I surely will die by a cup o' cold poison!"
Singing too ral, &c.

XX.
So the priest took the book, but he hardly had cried
"Will you take this here gal, sir, alone for your bride?"
When they heard a loud clatter—a Doanbrook roar—
And the "Gunmaker of Moscow" came smack thro' the door!
Singing too ral, &c.

XXI.
Ruric he jump'd, and he gave a big leap,
Which caused the two fellows to look mighty cheap,
And the King o' the Russias with Ruric was standin'
And meanwhile a big bloody rag he was a handlin'
Singing too ral, &c.

XXII.
"What's that I see before me?" said the Duke when he saw
And his knees began awfully to shake and to wag, [the rag,
*** Memory? *** up to the neck *** blood!!
Singing too ral, &c.

XXIII.
So the Duke and the priest, each a villain and scoundrel,
Were together sent off with their hands and feet bound well,
The place they were sent to, Siberia, you knows,
Is a place where they catches the dickens own snows.
Singing too ral, &c.

XXIV.
Now when Ruric he seed his own Rosalie, he said:
"O darling! O dearest!" and then he led
To the altar of Hyman, and there, sir, the parson
A love knot quick tied to prevent them from arson.
Singing too ral, &c.

OBI,

THE

NEGRO WITCHCRAFT OF THE WEST INDIES.

This extraordinary infatuation, which occasionally rages among the negro population of the West Indies, frequently involves much serious and extensive mischief, and is therefore doubly interesting. Generally, it is little understood, and considered fabulous, although as fully established in its existence as is the loathsome disease to which it seems to owe its origin and strange peculiarity of character.

A brief account of the Yaws, therefore, properly precedes our description of OBI. The common yaws, without fever or indigestion, begins with small pimples, which soon increase, and appear in round, white, flabby eruptions, from about the size of a pea to that of a large strawberry, separately or in clusters, in different parts of the body. These eruptions do not appear all at once; and when some are declining, and others disappearing, a fresh crop comes out in different parts of the body.

The yaws differ altogether from every other disorder, in its origin, progress and termination. Left to itself, it sometimes departs in nine, twelve, fifteen or eighteen months, without leaving behind it any inconvenience. Sometimes it remains much longer, and ends in shocking nodes, and distortions of the bones. Many are destroyed by it, but no person is subject to it twice.

From want of care and proper management, the torment of the yaws surpasses all description, from the bone-ache, and dreadful agonizing curvatures and caries of the legs, arms, collar-bones, wrists, and almost every other bone and articulation in the body.

Formerly, there was no regular method of treating the yaws in the West Indies. It was thought to be a disorder that would have its course, and, if interrupted, that it would be dangerous. It was then the custom, when a negro was attacked with it, to separate him from the rest, and send him to some lonely place by the sea side, to bathe; or into the mountains, to some Provision Ground or Plain Walk, where he could act as a watchman, and maintain himself, without any expense to the estate, until he was well; then he was brought back to the Sugar Work.

But this rarely happened. A cold, damp, smoky hut for his habitation; snakes and lizards his companions; crude, viscid food, and bad water, his only support; and shunned as a leper; he usually sank from the land of the living.

Some, however, of these abandoned exiles lived, in spite, as it seemed, of the common law of nature, and survived a general mutation of their muscles, ligaments, and osteology; became hideously white in their woolly hair and skin; their limbs and bodies twisted and turned by the force of the distemper into shocking grotesque figures, much resembling woody excrescences, or stumps of trees, or old Egyptian figures, that seemed as if they had been made of the ends of the human, and beginnings of the brutal form.

In their banishment, their huts often became the receptacles of robbers and fugitive negroes; and, as they had no power to resist any who chose to take shelter in their hovels, had nothing to lose, and where, forsaken by the world, a tiger would hardly molest them. Their desperate guests certainly never died.

The host of the hut, as he grew more mis-shapen, generally became more subtle. This we observe everywhere of crooked, scrofulous persons, as if nature disliked people being both cunning and strong.

Many of their wayward visitors were deeply skilled in magic, and what we call the "Black Art," which they brought with them from Africa; and, in return for their accommodation, they usually taught the landlord the mysteries of the sigils, spells, and sorcery; and illuminated him in all the occult science of OBI. This OBI, or as it is pronounced in the English West Indies, Obeah, had its origin, like many customs among the Africans, from the ancient Egyptians.

In the Hebrew language, OB is a demon, a spirit of divination and magic. When Saul wanted to raise up Samuel from the dead, he said to his servants, "Seek me a woman eminent for OB, that hath a familiar spirit."

His servants replied to him, "there is a woman, mistress in the art of OB, that hath a familiar spirit, at Endor."

When the witch of Endor came to Saul, he said to her, "divine unto me by thy witchcraft OB, by the familiar spirit, and bring me him up whom I shall name unto thee."—1 Samuel c. xxviii v. 7 and 8.

These ugly, loathsome creatures thus became oracles of woods and unfrequented places, and were resorted to secretly by the wretched in mind, and by the malicious, for wicked purposes.

OBI and gambling are the only instances said to have been discovered among the natives of the negro land in Africa, in which any effort of combining ideas has ever been demonstrated.

The science of OBI is very extensive.

OBI, for the purpose of bewitching people, or consuming them by lingering illness, is made of grave dirt, hair, teeth of sharks and other creatures blood, feathers, egg-shells, images in wax, the hearts of birds, and some potent roots, weeds, and bushes, of which most persons are at this

time ignorant, but which were known, for the same purposes, to the ancients.

Certain mixtures of these ingredients are burnt, or buried very deep in the ground, or hung up a chimney, or laid under the threshold of the door of the party to suffer, with incantation songs or curses, performed at midnight, regarding the aspects of the moon. The party who wants to do the mischief is also sent to burying grounds, or some secret place, where spirits are supposed to frequent, to invoke his dead parents to assist him in the curse.

A negro, who thinks himself bewitched by OBI, will apply to an OBI-man or OBI-woman for cure.

These magicians will interrogate the patient as to the part of the body most afflicted. This part they will torture with pinching, drawing with gourds or calabashes, beating, and pressing. When the patient is nearly exhausted with this rough *magnetizing*, OBI brings out an old rusty nail, or a piece of bone, or an ass's tooth, or the jaw-bone of a rat, or a fragment of a quart bottle from the part, and the patient is well the next day.

The most wrinkled and most deformed OBIan magicians are most venerated. This was also the case among the Egyptians and Chaldeans.

In general, OBI-men are more sagacious than OBI-women in giving or taking away disease, and in the application of poisons. It is in their department to blind pigs and poultry, and lame cattle.

It is the province of the OBI-women to dispose of the passions. They feel foul winds for inconstant mariners! dreams and phantasies for jealousy; vexations and pains in the heart for perdition love; and for the perturbed, impatient, and wretched, at the tardy acts of time—to turn in prophetic fury to a future page in the book of Fate—and amaze the ravished sense of the tempest-tossed querent.

Laws have been made in the West Indies to punish OBIan practice with death; but they have had no effect. Laws constructed in the West Indies can never suppress the effect of ideas, the origin of which is in the centre of Africa.

I saw the OBI of the famous negro robber, Three-Fingered Jack, the terror of Jamaica in 1780 and 1781. The Maroons who slew him brought it to me.

His OBI consisted of the end of a goat's horn, filled with a compound of grave dirt, ashes, the blood of a black cat, and human fat, all mixed into a kind of paste. A black cat's foot, a dried toad, a pig's tail, a slip of parchment of kid's skin, with characters marked in blood on it, were also in his OBIan bag.

These, with a keen sabre and two guns, like Robinson Crusoe, were all his OBI; with which, and his courage in descending into the plains and plundering to supply his wants, and his skill in retreating into difficult fastnesses, commanding the only access to them, where none dared to follow him, he terrified the inhabitants, and set the civil power and the neighboring militia of the island at defiance for two years.

He had neither accomplice nor associate. There were a few runaway negroes in the woods near Mount Libanus, the place of his retreat; but he had crossed their foreheads with some of the magic in his horn, and they could not betray him. But he trusted no one. He scorned assistance. He ascended above Spartacus. He robbed alone; fought all his battles alone; and always killed his pursuers.

By his magic, he was not only the dread of the negroes, but there were many white people who believed he was possessed of some supernatural power.

In hot climates females marry very young, and often with great disparity of age. Here Jack was the author of many troubles—for several matches proved unhappy.

"Give a dog an ill name, and hang him!"
Clamors rose on clamors against the cruel sorcerer and every conjugal mishap was laid at the door of Jack's malefic spell of *tying the point*, on the wedding day.

God knows poor Jack had sins enough of his own to carry, without loading him with the sins of others. He would sooner have made a Median cauldron for the whole island than disturb one lady's happiness. He had many opportunities; and, although he had a mortal hatred to white men, he was never known to hurt a child or abuse a woman.

But even Jack himself was born to die.

Allured by the rewards offered by Governor Dalling, in a proclamation dated the 12th of December, 1780 and by a resolution which followed it of the House of Assembly, two negroes, named Quashee and Sam (Sam was Captain Davy's son, who shot a Mr. Thompson, the master of a London ship, at Old Harbor), both of Scots Hall, Maroon Town, with a party of their townsmen, went in search of him.

Quashee, before he set out on the expedition, got himself christened, and changed his name to James Reeder.

The expedition commenced, and the whole party had been creeping about in the woods for three weeks, and blockading, as it were, the deepest recesses of the most inaccessible part of the island, where Jack, far remote from all human society, resided—in vain.

Reeder and Sam, tired of this mode of war, resolved on proceeding in search of his retreat, and taking him by storming it, or perishing in the attempt.

They took with them a little boy, a proper spirit and a good shot, and left the rest of the party.

These three had not been long separated before their cunning eyes discovered, by impressions among the weeds and bushes, that some person must have lately been that way.

They softly followed these impressions, making not the least noise. Presently they discovered smoke.

They prepared for war. They came upon Jack before he perceived them. He was roasting plantains by a little fire on the ground, at the mouth of a cave.

This was a scene—not where ordinary actors had a common part to play.

Jack's looks were fierce and terrible. He told them he would kill them.

Reeder, instead of shooting Jack, replied that his OBI had no power to hurt him, for he was christened and that his name was no longer Quashee.

Jack knew Reeder, and, as if paralyzed, he let his two guns remain on the ground and took up only his cutlass.

These two had a desperate engagement several years before in the woods, in which conflict Jack lost the two fingers, which was the origin of his present name; but Jack then beat Reeder, and almost killed him, and they fled from Jack.

To do Three-Fingered Jack justice, he would now have killed both Reeder and Sam, for, at first, they were frightened at the sight of him, and the dreadful tone of his voice—and well they might. They had besides no retreat, and were to grapple with the bravest and strongest man in the world.

But Jack was cowed, for he had prophesied that *white* OBI would get the better of him; and, from experience,

he knew the charm would lose none of its strength in the hands of Reeder.

Without farther parley, Jack, with his cutlass in his hand, threw himself down a precipice at the back of the cave.

Reeder's gun missed fire; Sam shot him in the shoulder. Reeder, like a bull-dog, never look'd, but, with his cutlass in his hand, plunged headlong down after Jack. The descent was about thirty yards, and almost perpendicular. Both had preserved their cutlasses in the fall.

Here was the stage on which two of the stoutest hearts that were ever hooped with ribs began their bloody struggle.

The little boy, who was ordered to keep back out of harm's way, now reached the top of the precipice, and, during the fight, shot Jack in the belly.

Sam was crafty, and coolly took a roundabout way to get to the field of action. When he arrived at the spot where it began, Jack and Reeder had closed, and tumbled together down another precipice, on the side of the mountain, by which fall they both lost their weapons.

Sam descended after them, who also lost his cutlass among the tress and bushes in getting down.

When he came to them, though without weapons, they were not idle, and, luckily for Reeder, Jack's wounds were deep and desperate, and he was in great agony.

Sam came up just time enough to save Reeder, for Jack had caught him by the throat with his giant's grasp. Reeder was then with his right hand almost cut off, and Jack streaming with blood from his shoulder and belly—both covered with gore and gashes.

In this state, Sam was umpire, and decided the fate of the battle—he knocked Jack down with a piece of a rock.

When the lion fell, the two tigers got upon him, and beat his brains out with stones.

The little boy soon after found his way to them. He had a cutlass, with which they cut off Jack's head and three-fingered hand, and took them in triumph to Morant Bay.

There they put their trophies into a pail of rum, and, followed by a vast concourse of negroes, now no longer afraid of Jack's OBI, they carried him to Kingston and Spanish Town, and claimed the reward of the King's proclamation and the House of Assembly.

HORSE JOCKEYING.

The Marysville (Cal.) Democrat is responsible for the annexed story of jockeying, which beats anything we have heard of yet:

"The horse-sharps and men about town are laughing themselves fat over the successful termination of the best played dodge of the racing calendar. We should like to elaborate what we have to tell, but short time and space compel us to brevity. About four weeks ago, D. F. George and Ignatius Eckert made a race as follows: The race was to be for ten miles, trotting, to sulkies; stakes \$1,000 a side, and horse against horse, with a forfeit of \$500. George entered his gray horse, 'Farmer,' and Eckert entered Jake Ricard's bay horse, 'Jack Hays.' Forfeits were put up in the hands of 'Mac the Baker,' and the Fourth of July was agreed upon as the day for the race. The horses were both put into process of training, and dead earnest preparations were made for the trial of speed and bottom. Both sides played the usual sharp game of keeping their horses' condition a secret—had private trials, etc. Later, however, the backers of 'Farmer' began to grow a little weak in the knees about their horse. He didn't show condition to suit them. The fact is, George began to get sick as the time drew near for the race to come off. Well, night before last, while talking with some of his friends at the stable, George intimated that he would like to have a fast fac simile of 'Farmer' to enter in the place of that horse. Ike Anderson, who was one of the party, proposed it, as a good idea, that a trial race should be made that night with Fred Low's bay horse 'Billy Harrington,' as a proxy for 'Farmer,' provided 'Billy' could be so disguised as to deceive the Eckert crowd, whom they knew would be watching. 'But the devil of it is,' said Ike, 'Farmer' is a gray, and 'Billy' is a bay, and gray don't look like bay, even by moonlight." A bright and original idea struck Capt. Bailey, who was one of the conspirators. Johnny (that's Bailey's Christian name) suggested that they fit 'Billy' to a covering of mosquito bar, and then daub him up to 'Farmer's' gray and dappled color. George nipped the idea as a spring chicken would a grasshopper. Johnny started home, pulled the mosquito bar off his bed, told his wife he was going to lend it to a sick friend, and left for the scene of the 'dark and devilish deed,' namely, the Park Race Course. In the meantime, Dick Bellows had driven 'Billy' out to the Park, and George had sent out sundry emissaries to make things look suspicious, and thereby excite the vigilance of Eckert & Co. In due time, 'Billy' was sewed up in the 'fly trap,' and by the artistic hands of Bailey converted into a portrait of the doughty 'Farmer,' by being daubed in the proper places with mud from a sponge. 'Billy's' bob tail was made into a parody of 'Farmer's' sweeping appendage, by a well arranged addition of the mosquito bar, and 'accounted as he was,' he was led forth to the course. It was about one o'clock in the morning when, with George in the sulky, the counterfeited 'Farmer' was whizzed around the track. He made his miles beautifully, in 3:08—3:07—3:05, etc., and looked by the light of the waning moon more like 'Farmer' than 'Farmer' himself. Just as was expected, the enemy was on hand to catch items. John Steele was down on his belly sighting through a knot-hole. Smith, the E street stable man was catching cold up in a tree. Dan Schooley was going one eye on the race through a crack, and Jake Ricard was taking time from a stop-watch with a dark lantern. They got it all, you bet! George drove 'Billy' round six miles and was satisfied with the trial. Now comes the grand blue light finale. On the eventful day appointed for coming up with the 'spelter'—the additional five hundred a side—and the bonds for the delivery of the horses—George, knowing that Eckert had been posted about the time made by the bogus 'Farmer,' and knowing too that that time beat 'Jack Hays' all to thunder, went with his kale and signified his readiness to ante. Eckert's man backed and filled for a minute or two, and finally, 'more in sorrow than in anger,' paid for feet and threw up the sponge! That's all, barrin' the whiskey that was drank over it, and the terse and truthful remark of Jake Ricard, that 'anybody that thought that they could time a horse with a dark lantern, at one o'clock at night, and tell the difference between that mosquito-net horse and 'Farmer,' through a crack in the fence, was a d—d fool!"

"What made you marry that dowdy?" said a mother to her son. "Because you always told me to pick a wife like my mother," was the reply.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1861.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

READING ROOM, DEXTER, N. Y.—1. John C. Heenan was born in Troy in this State. 2. John Morrissey and Yankee Sullivan had a regular ring fight according to the rules of the P. R. on October 12, 1853, at Boston Corners, Mass. Sullivan had the best of the fight all through, punishing Morrissey terribly; on the 27th round a scuffle ensued between the seconds, when Sullivan rushed to the assistance of his man; the ring was broken in, and a general uproar followed. On time being called, Morrissey answered quickly to the call, but Sullivan being engaged in the outside "muss" was not at the scene. After considerable time had elapsed, Morrissey appealed to the referee, who decided him the winner, which took all by surprise, but as from the decision there was no appeal, the stakes (\$1000 a side) were handed over to Morrissey.

J. P. Eucher.—4. Four men are playing, A and C being partners against B and D. A dealer, B passes; C assists his partner; when A says he will play it alone, D contends that he cannot. Please decide. 5. The rule on this point does not settle the question squarely. It says that with some players the dealer can go alone, when his partner assists; with others this privilege is not allowed. Hoyle says that both ways may be correct, but the manner of playing should be decided before commencing the game. Our opinion is, that no player has a right to go alone where a partner assists, and whenever the question has been left to us, we have always so decided.

A READER OF THE CLIPPER.—1. C. K. Fox, was born, we believe, in Boston, Mass., and made his first appearance on the stage as Damon's child, in the play of "Damon and Pythias." 2. Was born in this city. 3. A biography will appear as soon as handed in by the author. 4. It would be impolitic in us to make public the private arrangements of the party you refer to.

DOUGHERTY, Indianapolis.—1. Jem Mace has not challenged Heenan but on the contrary, Heenan has challenged any man in England to fight for \$10,000. 2. The affair has not been carried sufficiently forward to state what funds will be needed. "Every little helps" you know, but every much helps a good deal more. 3. Prices vary from \$50 to \$500 or more.

JOHNSY, Toronto, C. W.—1. The age of a lady! How could you? Her life has not yet been published by the press. 2. Not during the present war pressure. 3. Yes, 4. Should be happy to give you our own returns at a private interview. Of the others we are not sufficiently posted to tell you.

JOHN SMITH, Pittsburgh.—Young Sport beat Albert G. Smith, the Indian, at Baltimore, on November 14th, 1860, for a purse of \$100, mile heats, best two in three. Young Sport won the first and last heats, and the Indian the second. Time, 5:08; 6:12; 5:13.

NAVAL ROUNDOUT, N. Y.—As a sailor before the mast, if sound in mind and limb, you will have no difficulty in securing a berth in the navy, but as an officer, merit and influence with the powers that be, are great requisites.

CROD BANCER, Paterson, N. J.—As a general thing, the clog shoes used in dancing, which have come under our inspection, had no sole made of wood (not solid), which were fastened to a leather sole by means of small brass screws.

JACK SPENCER.—Did you receive our last? Where are you now? Burns, McGroarty, Kelly, Donnelly, Kerrigan, and others. Did you all receive an important message? If so, the boy, James, would like to know when to look out for that. Say?

C. S. Waterbury, N. Y.—The party named went to England some time since, and has not yet returned, we believe, so that the individual must be "bogus."

MANCHESTER.—The "brigade" was not completed as such, we are informed, and the various companies fell in with regiments, and most have gone to the seat of war.

H. O. Toronto, C. W.—"Canines" may be dwarfed when pups, by making them drunk with spirits (we are told, but as it is a cruel process, we advise you not to do it).

G. Saxon, Boston.—The salary will depend in a great measure on your abilities. Apply in person. Managers are but men, and some of them are very courteous and agreeable.

T. RITTER, N. Y.—We are not in possession of the particulars. It is very likely that it is a croquet, gotten up for pay by some penny-a-liner. We agree with you in your remarks.

J. E. T. Sixth Regiment, Cal.—Money received, and you are credited for fifteen months the subscription; postage to be paid at your end of the route, that being the more straightforward plan.

R. BUXTON, Philad'a.—Flora Temple has frequently been beaten, but her best time has never been equalled by any other trotting horse.

C. W. P. St. Louis.—Mr. Joseph Proctor was in England at last accounts; we cannot state at what time he expects to return to this country.

DOMINICK BRADLEY and Col. Rankin's card photographs are eagerly sought after here. Has any body got 'em for sale in Philadelphia?

T. B. Chicago.—Roche and McGlade did not fight—the money was drawn.

W. H. H. Baltimore.—The ship of the line Pennsylvania, was built at the Philadelphia Navy Yard.

G. HENRY, Conway, Mass.—You had better advertise for them. We have no time to attend to such matters.

C. S. Philad'a.—The "Seventh" returned home shortly after the expiration of their thirty days.

OLYMPIA, Boston.—A reference to our files of the past week or two will enlighten you.

A. G. W. Boston.—You need not show your hand to any but your opponent.

WM. CORN.—We can make neither head nor tail of your communication.

W. L. C. Fort Lavenworth.—Boston, Massachusetts, is the only address we know of for him.

F. McCARTHY, N. Y.—We cannot undertake to decide a question of mere taste. Visit them, and make up your mind for yourself.

BUTCHER BOY.—Morrissey was awarded the stakes in his battle with Yankee Sullivan.

ONE OF EM, Washington, D. C.—Jack Langan was a different person altogether from Nat Langham.

J. H. C. Holyoke, Mass.—See our Amateur department.

J. R. R.—He last performed at Niblo's, in this city.

SETH BAKER, Boston.—He can score but two points.

GRU.—He is a prisoner at Richmond.

THE PROPOSED INTERNATIONAL MATCH.—The American champion, John C. Heenan, returned from Washington a few days since, looking extremely well, and in the best of spirits. He called at the *Clipper* office soon after his arrival in the city, to inform us that nothing had yet been received in answer to his challenge to All England. It is scarcely time yet to receive a reply to the American def, but we may certainly look for some acknowledgment of the reception of the same in a very short time. Without King should throw up his claim for the first shy at Mace, it is not probable that Heenan and the English champion can come together much before June, 1862, but the Benita Boy's challenge is not confined to Mace alone, but is offered for the acceptance of any man in England! It is, indeed, a bold advance, but Heenan desires to convince the people of Great Britain that he is ready to meet the biggest man, the most experienced, or the best exponent of the science they can produce. He bars no man in England, and offers terms that no one can reasonably object to: to fight either in England or Canada—to take or give expenses for fighting abroad, etc. Now, should the challenge be accepted, we trust that Mr. Dowling may not be named as stakeholder or referee—Heenan cannot expect justice at the hands of such a man, and it is to be hoped that he will not be connected in any way with the match. Heenan has no objection, whatever, to a Englishman holding the stakes if the opposite party desires it, but he cannot consent to Mr. Dowling occupying the position of stakeholder or referee.

Mace having so decidedly expressed a wish to meet Heenan above all others, he will most likely give Heenan the first chance that offers, if his asserted professions are founded on truth; but it is to be hoped that some one more on a physical equality with Heenan may be produced to do battle in behalf of England. The sum may probably be urged as an objection, but the London Pugilistic Association can no doubt stake the money should a man to their liking be found willing to meet the American. Whatever is done, let it be done fairly and squarely, and if our man is defeated on his merits, none will be more ready to throw up the sponge, and acknowledge the corn, than ourselves.

YOUNG DUTCH SAM.—By reference to our foreign ring department, it will be seen that a gentleman offers to assist him in any future match he may make. By this it would seem that Sam showed sufficient fighting qualities, although defeated, to inspire the confidence of his friends on the other side of the water. We hope that he will soon have an opportunity, and avail himself of it, to retrieve his lost laurels.

OFF THE TRACK.—Col. Wade Hampton, who was shot and severely wounded while leading his South Carolina troops, was a sporting character, and at one time owned Monarch and several other fast horses. Hampton attempted to wade in too deep at Bull Run, and a one of our Fire Zouaves distanced him by putting a ball in his body.

MORE SWINDLING ON THE RACE TRACK.

DETERIORATION OF THE TURF.

For a long time we have battled almost single handed against impostors and swindlers connected with the turf in this vicinity, and although our expositions have been slow in their effects, nevertheless they have been sure, and have exerted an influence, the benefits and correctness of which have not been lost upon the public at large, and more particularly upon that portion heretofore patronizing the race track. Some friends have endeavored to persuade us that our strictures upon trotting matches heretofore have been altogether too sweeping, and that many events stigmatized by us as unfair, were bona fide and honest. We have never been able to see it. Where one trotting match on Long Island has been conducted on "the square," there have been one dozen conceived in fraud, and carried out in fraud. So disgusted have the people become with the many disreputable practices on the turf, that it is extremely difficult to attract one thousand persons to witness an "important race" at the present day, which would have drawn ten or twenty thousand spectators in former times. Jockies and their associates "knowing ones" have grown rich by their dishonest turf operations, in some instances the proceeds of the swindles having been invested in whole blocks of brick and mortar. Betting on a trotting match now-a-days is a "dangerous amusement," the chances being all in favor of the "knowing ones" who "pull the strings." Faro is nothing to turf gambling, for in the former case an outsider has a right to his money, but in the latter he has no chance. The daily papers, which are beginning to be better posted in sporting matters than they formerly were, cannot fail to see the dishonesty constantly being practiced on our Long Island race tracks. The *Herald* has become so disgusted with the swindlers as to pay but little attention to reporting "important trotting matches," while the *Times* and *Express* occasionally denounce the parties connected with our "fast trotting stock," leaving the *Tribune* to come out "square toe," and show up the rascals in their true colors. Several matches have recently taken place in this vicinity, which have done much to open the eyes of the people to the true character and intent of "match makers" and "fast jockies." In the *Tribune* of the 8th inst., appeared the following article, which but corroborates all that we have heretofore said upon the subject:—

ANOTHER "HYPOCRISITIC TROT."—Things have got to such a pass that a fair trotting match is almost an impossibility. The outside public, who go in good faith to see trials of speed and venture their money on favored horses, are systematically deceived and cheated, and the noblest horses are used for such practices almost as freely as the poorest. There seems to be a certain "ring," or clique of sharpers, who control races as they please, and, knowing the end from the beginning, reap enormous profits from the ignorance of outsiders. In fact, the comparative merit of competing horses has so little to do with the result of the race, that we feel like pre-facing each account with an apology for noticing the match at all. It is not a pleasant thing to know that the speed of a trot or pace like Ethan Allen is tampered with, and made the means for effecting wholesale fraud, for one is thus necessarily forced to believe that a fair race in this country is impossible. We ask any fair man of the 6000 who saw his race with Flora on the 25th, whether it was a most gigantic and unprincipled swindle, arranged before-hand to take an immense amount of money out of the pockets of an unsuspecting public. There were not more than one hundred or one hundred and twenty horses, and the odds were made to suit the bookies. The terrible course, yesterday, 24 inst., between Lancelot and Rockingham, was not the same thing, on a smaller scale? Let us see how the business is managed: A prominent gambler or horse-jockey books Ethan against Flora, let us suppose. He knows that in private trials the horse has shown a rate of speed previously unheard of, and he is fully warranted in backing him to day to any amount, at whatever enormous odds the over-confident friends of Flora will give. The horses trot, and Ethan wins the race. Another match is made, giving the mare the advantage of going to harness instead of to wagon. The backer of the horse has all the more reason to back him again, for his merits have been triumphantly demonstrated in public. But the owner of the mare comes to the ground, and ostentatiously hints that his mare cannot do much to-day, the result is uncertain, and he won't bet a cent on it, because there are no responsible backers on the track. So the market becomes unsteady, the horse is backed at odds against the mare, and when the current has set in with sufficient strength, our wily operator sets his aids and agents to work, and they take, ostensibly for themselves, but really for him, all the bets that the public will make. A suitable understanding is had with the driver of the horse, and just when victory seems most certain, the horse runs away, or is held in hand, and loses the race. This, the public believe, was the game that was played on Fashion Track on the 25th, and the utmost dissatisfaction prevails on all sides. McLaughlin and the Ethan Allen party are denounced in very violent terms, and one bloody fight between Alderman Genet and James Bevis has recently taken place.

If the third race between Flora and Ethan is not more fairly conducted than the second, the horses may as well be withdrawn from the track, for the public will not put up with any more such cheating. We thought it best thus to preface our account of yesterday's trotting match, because we consider it of a piece with the other, only differing in degree. There were not more than one hundred or one hundred and twenty persons on the ground, and these were mostly the regular habitués, who make a part of their livelihood by tempting the caprices of fortune in the way of bets. Of the horses it is only necessary to say that Lancelot is a New England horse, partly of Black Hawk stock, and Rockingham, an unknown from Connecticut, where he is said to have been the property of a farmer from his foalhood to his eighth year. The horses had a match to the saddle a week ago, in which Rockingham had beaten Lancelot easily in the best time of the sort on record—2:24. R. is about nine years old, gray (of the color usually called "flea-bitten"), a rough looking brute when stripped, but one that gets up well in harness, making a fine show, and going with a steady, pretty stride, when fairly at work. Lancelot has a very fair forehead, but a real goose rump, and a shambling sort of gait that makes a much more inferior show than the gray. The betting was so skillfully arranged before the race by a few to make the gray the favorite at the enormous odds of 5 to 1, and although Lancelot won the first heat, the market was kept against him until everything was "right," and the "ring" made their little investments against the gray.

The first heat was made in 2:32, Lancelot breaking very badly at the turn, and Rockingham going up 2 p.m. just at the distance pole. The second heat was done in 2:27, the trot being a close one throughout, and the gray breaking again at almost the same place as before. In the third, Lancelot was very tight, making his usual break before reaching the turn, but making it so much worse than before as to let Rockingham open a gap of ten lengths before reaching the quarter. This the driver did not seem to try to close, for he trailed the gray around, and came home just racing his distance.

By this time the shadows had lengthened so that each tree sent its shade half way across the course, and more than three hours had elapsed since the horses were rung out for the first heat. The betting, such as it was, had become pretty lively, and the black horse had the call of the market. After some scoring, they got the word, when they were occupying the relative positions of leader and follower, the nose of Lancelot being in direct line, about twelve feet from Rockingham's driver's back. Thus, in procession, they trailed leisurely around to the half mile post, where Tallman made Lancelot creep up, and with a fair show of competition the horses swung into the home stretch, going at a good pace. Rockingham's driver laid on the gad pretty freely, and the horse took it much better than Lancelot would have done, for he did not leave his feet until after passing the first distance. Here, however, he lost about a length, and Lancelot slipped over the score just nicely ahead, and won the race.

A VOICE FROM PUGHKEEPSIE.—A CHANCE FOR OUR NEW YORK ROWER.—William Burger, the Poughkeepsie oarsman, issues the following banners to his fellow oarsmen—all of the matches to be pulled in single scull shells:—

First—Burger will row W. H. Decker, five miles on the Hudson, at Poughkeepsie, for one hundred dollars a side, the race to come off two weeks after the challenge is accepted.

Second—He will row Thomas Daw, five miles, for the same amount, at the same place, one week after the race with Decker.

Third—He will row Andy Fay, the same distance, same place, for one hundred dollars a side, one week after the race with Daw.

Fourth—He will row Patrick Lynch, five miles, at Poughkeepsie, for the same amount, one week after the race with Fay.

Fifth—He will row John McGready, the same race, for the same amount, and at the same place, one week after Lynch's race.

HOT! HOTTER! HOTTEST!—How to keep cool while the dog star, as now, is in the ascendant, is a matter of no slight importance to our parboiled and dust begrimed citizens. We have satisfied ourselves that there is no better way to recuperate the simmered-out energies than by indulging in a trip seaward. This may easily be accomplished by most of the residents of New York and Brooklyn, as the sea steamer Croton, Capt. Jas. A. Dumont, makes daily trips to the Fishing Banks. The Croton is amply provided with every requisite for the abduction from "the nasty deep" of the fluky tripe. For the benefit of those who prefer Terpsichorean exercise, a quadrille band accompanies the steamer. The culinary department is under the supervision of the well known and justly appreciated Robt. Still, which is a sufficient guarantee of its excellence. We recommend everybody to make the experiment of a trip on the Croton.

DAN DONNELLY.—Don't fail to read the account of Dan Donnelly's great battle with Oliver, in this week's *CLIPPER*. It will well repay perusal.

HOWE AGAIN.—Mr. Thomas Burns of Staten Island, well known as a sportsman in this vicinity, as well as elsewhere, has arrived home, after a brief tour through England, Ireland and France. While in England, he visited many of the sports, among them, Poney Moore, Jack Mac Donald, and Chambers. He speaks highly of his treatment by those gentlemen, and says he had a "high old time." He also states that Mace asserts that he is very anxious to fight Heenan, which, if he is in earnest, he will have an excellent opportunity to do, by taking up Heenan's challenge to fight any man in England, for \$10,000. Burns also states, that he saw Chambers manipulate the ears, and pronounces him a wonder in that line.

DAVE HASTINGS and YOUNG BARCLAY GALLAGHER both distinguished themselves at Bull Run, and are now resting on their well-earned laurels. Barclay had been down the James river for a bath, and with his blanket tossed over his shoulder, a dilapidated hat, pants rolled up to the knee, boots all out at the toes, and a tout ensemble very much like the Lime Kiln Man, he came across David, of the 8th Engineer Corps, with some U. S. officers in a wagon surveying. Barclay at once recognized the dignified school trustee, and grasping him cordially by the hand, they shook away for several minutes until a sudden flash betokened his city remembrance, and with a graceful bow he introduced him to his brother officers, and a particular friend, with the remark: "You ought to have known him when I first knew him!" The change from broad-cloth, patent-leathers, and garrotes to the shabby and wooden soles completely overcame our polite friend, Dave, and hence the novel introduction.

AT THE ELLSWORTH SHOOTING GALLERY, No. 546 Broadway, trophies of the war are on exhibition, free at all hours of the day and evening. A hat taken from one of the Black Horse Cavalry, a brass shoulder epaulette from the same source, piece of a bomb-shell, scotch cartridges, caps taken from the gun used by the assassin, Jackson, when he murdered Ellsworth, a bullet extracted from the Colonel's body, a piece of the rebel flag from the Marshall House, and the very shirt Ellsworth had on when he was shot, showing a rent where the bullet entered, and all clotted with his precious blood. Many other curiosities are here to be seen, contributed by Mr. Nollman, of the 71st Regiment, and certified to by Lieut. Prendergast.

HERE AND THERE.—Everybody was surprised who read Young Dutch Sam's fight with Gollagher to find Sam weighing a trifle over eight stone, or 112 lbs. Now when he was matched here with Scotty, of Brooklyn, he wouldn't tudge an ounce from 124 lbs., which didn't suit Brangan, 122 being his fly, and because of this, the two never came together. In London he is a dozen pounders, and comes to the ring in splendid condition, but through fighting too fast loses the battle. How this wrinkle can be unravelled we are at a loss to comprehend, and pause for information from the Solons of the ring. Does anybody know?

NOVEL FOOT RACE CHALLENGE.—Selaya, the renowned California footman, who beat Swamp John so easily, and whose time, it is said, has never been equalled, was at San Andreas with a drove of horses, says a California paper, on the Fourth of July. He offers to bet any sum from \$500 to \$1000, that he can beat any four men a race of one mile, allowing his antagonists the privilege of stationing themselves along the track wherever they please, so that the last one shall be no less than a quarter of a mile from the outcome. From this contest he bars no one in the State—not even Swamp John or Forbes.

WHERE IS HE?—We see no mention of the name of Aaron Jones in the late action at Bull Run. Aaron, we understand, some time ago joined an Alabama regiment, to fight for the rebels, but we have been unable to get any track of him since he "seceded." Aaron has generally been unfortunate in his battles, and the Bull Run affair may have proved as disastrous to him as his prize ring encounters have proved.

LEAPING FROM A BRIDGE.—On the afternoon of the 26th ult., a crowd of people assembled in the neighborhood of Girard avenue bridge, Philadelphia, for the purpose of seeing Professor Parsloe jump from that structure into the water. He first performed various gymnastic feats upon a rope, and then jumped into the water. After swimming across the river, he returned to the bridge and jumped from the railing, a distance of some sixty-five feet into the river. He was loudly applauded by the crowd. It is supposed that another performance will be made at an early date.

SPORTS IN CINCINNATI.—Johnny Loudon is conducting the Heenan Saloon in Poughkeepsie, until Johnny Mackey returns from England, from whence he is expected in a few weeks. Mike McCool, who defeated Tom Jennings in New Orleans, is there, and recently gave a sparring exhibition at the Heenan Saloon Hall, which proved quite remunerative. Johnny Loudon also gave one with a like result. Johnny Sweetman is now in Columbus, conducting a sparring school. War with weapons has not altogether superseded war with fists in Cincinnati, as a mill is said to be on the tapis, to come off soon, and is looked forward to with manifest interest.

ANOTHER PEDESTRIAN OFF FOR A SOLDIER.—Hamilton F. Dalton, a Pennsylvania pedestrian, is a second Lieutenant in Anderson's Zouaves, now encamped at Riker's Island. They expected to leave for the battle-field on the 6th inst.

ON THE WRONG SIDE.—Among the rebels killed in the battle of Bull Run, was James Jackson, a well known sporting man in that part of the country, and part owner of the race horse Daniel Boone.

"THE MILLER AND HIS MEN."—A celebrated captain of one of the New York State Militia Regiments, at the commencement of the Bull Run battle, hid himself behind a hay-stack, and stayed there till the retreat was ordered, when he astonished old peds by his wonderful running, and now tells of his hair-breadth escapes to gaping crowds who were not there. Was this right? He acted worse than our friend with the "heart-disease," who boasts of his exploits in England, but shrinks from facing the music here. Both should be sent to Coventry by all means.

ALL HONOR TO THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, of the 69th Zouaves! The regiment unite in this opinion, that no man on the field distinguished himself more than the Irish Patriot. A conspicuous target for the rebels, he stood in his stirrups, bare-headed, and laughed in the enemy's face, although there in his vicinity could hear scores of rifle shots whizz past him, which goes to show how eagerly the riflemen tried to give him his death wound. Barling having his horse shot from under him, he came out unscathed.

TOM COVIL is about getting up a cavalry company. About thirty "good men and true" enrolled themselves in one day, and by the end of the week the full quota is expected. Pay commences from the day they enlist, and the men are quartered in Elm Park. The honor of raising a regiment has been conferred on Colonel Van Buren, but he will be happy to give it over to any more popular or skillful officer when the roll is laid. "Honest Tom" is appointed a captain, and George Boniface ("Harry Blake") is to be First Lieutenant. If any of the sports want to go with a good crowd, here's your chance.

GEORGE COX, being unable to find a competitor amongst the base ball players to run a spin of thirty yards in Hoboken last week, hereby authorizes us to say that he will be prepared to have a "go" with any ball player for from one to twenty five dollars, bar no body in the profession. The match can be made any time after the 6th August at his own house, corner of Canal and Varick streets.

"FREDERICKA."—Frederick and Tobin had a sprint race in Hoboken last week, in which Tobie got beat some, but he says he can beat Fredericka in a two mile race for money; that, however, remains to be proved, and as the Free-born man never backed out of a thing yet, we may look for a match "before soon."

PEDESTRIANISM AT AURORA, IND.—A new feature is to be introduced into the next Auburn Fair there, which commences on the 25th of the present month, namely, a foot race for a purse of \$500, to be contested for by Mr. Mortimer Andrews, familiarly known by the cognomen of "Kemid," and Adolph Schult. Both individuals are residents of that city.

DOG FIGHTING IN CALIFORNIA.—The dog fighters of San Francisco, Cal., have everything their own way in that city. On the 4th of July last, a dog fight took place at a sporting house in that city which received the patronage of men, high in official position, and was editorially commented upon with favor by a few daily journals.

AQUATICS.

REGATTA ON THE HARLEM RIVER.

On Thursday last, the 1st of August, there was some exciting and interesting aquatic sport on the Harlem River, which drew together a large assemblage of the volunteers and amateurs of rowing and yachting pastimes. The programme consisted of two distinct regattas; one being for cat rigged model yachts, to carry nothing but a main-sail; the second race was for single scull seventeen feet row boats. The starting point in each race was from the Club House, foot of one hundred and fourteenth street.

The course of the yacht race was as follows:—From the judges' boat moored off the foot of 114th street down to state boat and the foot of Ninety-second street, turning from west to east, or from the New York shore to the Long Island shore; thence up the river to state boat at the foot of one hundred and sixteenth street, turning from the New York shore to Randall's Island, forming a figure eight in each turn. The state boats were one mile and a quarter apart, thus making a ten mile race by making four turns. This course was one of the best arranged to gratify the spectator we have ever seen, as the boats were never out of sight, and one could enjoy a distinct view of the affair from its commencement to its close. This race had to be sailed by the winner within three hours or it was no race. For this race the following boats were entered and sailed, viz: "Emma," entered by D. Golden, and built by Samuel Tompkins; "Annie," entered by D. P. Ingraham, Jr., built by G. C. Newman; "Water Witch," entered by S. Raynor, built by David Kirby. At the signal, these boats got off very fast and evenly, sailing past after a short distance had been sailed, the Annie took the lead, with the Emma, however, a good number two, and well up with her. On the second turn, the Emma made a brush, and being finely sailed, she passed the Annie and took a front position, which she kept, gradually increasing her lead on each turn of the course, and eventually came in a winner, in two hours and thirty-seven minutes, beating the Annie, which came in second, eight minutes and three seconds. The third boat came in some distance astern of the others, and was not timed. The Emma's prize was a handsome silk ensign, and the Annie saved her entrance money.

The second race was for seventeen feet row boats, with one pair of sculls. The distance was five miles measured with two turns, and the boats started from the same place as the sail boats. The boats in this race were not allowed to row with outriggers extending more than four inches from their gunwales, with the exception of starting until after a short distance had been sailed, and the effect of the sail boats and row boats being in competition at the same time, gave a highly picturesque effect to the aquatic spectacle.

There were four entries in this race, viz: the H. W. Genet, rowed by Dennis Leary; the Henry Taylor, by W. H. Decker; the Robert Foster, by Jas. H. Biglin, and the Maggie, by John A. Biglin. The Maggie came in first, in 43 minutes, with the Foster and Genet close up, in the order in which we have named them; the race between these three boats was very closely contested for the entire five miles, and at its close there was hardly any difference in their reaching the home stake. Decker was the last in the pool, and quit when the distance was about half pulled.

The Harlem River was thickly dotted with a multitude of craft of every description and variety, and on shore, a very large and noisy assemblage of many thousands of people, from Harlem and Yorkville, graced the occasion with their presence.

Messrs. J. E. Ebling, Stephen Roberts, and John R. Farrington, officiated as the judges during the day.

GRAND SCULLING MATCH.

CUTROSS vs. MCGREADY.—On Thursday, August 1st, the above course was rowed a match race for one mile, and back to the Hudson river. The race was from W. J. O'Brien's Warehouse lot, foot of West 42nd street, to a buoy off the Elysian Fields, at Hoboken, thence to Amos street pier, and back to the foot of 42nd street, making a distance of between five and six miles. Both men rowed in single scull boats. The friends and backers of the contestants turned out in large numbers, and a great deal of interest was manifested in the result. The hour named for the start was 2 o'clock P. M., and at fifteen minutes past that hour the boats started. Cutross secured the jump by a few feet, but after a few strokes, McGready's bow showed in front, and in a short time he put clear water between Cutross and himself, and contrived to draw rapidly away from him; McGready turned the Elysian Fields buoy a long distance ahead, increasing his advantage at Amos street, and all the way home to 42nd street, which he reached a good distance in advance of his competitor, in forty four minutes and thirty-six seconds.

The winning boat is called the "William H. Roe," and was built by that well known builder and oarsman, Geo. W. Shaw, of Newburgh. She is of very handsome model, and reflects credit on her builder's handicraft.

A squadron of new boats were on the river in the vicinity of the starting point, of which the handsome one and half "Yankee," of the Elysian Club, and the four-oared shell "Excelsior," of the Atlantic Boat Club, were deservedly noticed.

THE OGDENSBURG REGATTA.—The regatta which was given in the village of Ogdensburg, N. Y., on the 4th of July last, is worthy of record, as some good oarsmen and boats from Toronto, C. W., were present and took part in it. Ogdensburg is prettily situated on the St. Lawrence river, and possesses excellent facilities for the pursuit and enjoyment of aquatic sports.

The first race, ten miles, for skiffs, purse \$20, was contested for by the Bulls of Prescott, entered by G. S. Roebuck, and rowed by T. Tinning, the "Champion of Canada," and the White Arrow, entered and rowed by John Aulguire, of Ogdensburg. The latter won by a long distance.

The second race, for six oared lapstreaks, purse \$75, with \$25 to the second boat, was contested for by the Pioneer, Banner, and Annie, of Ogdensburg. Won by the Pioneer, the second purse being taken by the Banner.

The third race, for wherries, purse \$40, was contested for by the Roseland, entered and rowed by T. Tinning, of Toronto; the Elsie by L. La Chapelle, and the Eliza (shell) by A. C. Duns, of Brockville. Won by the latter.

The fourth race, for six oared shells, purse \$100, was contested for by the Bulls of Toronto, the Julia of Brockville, and the Dora of Ogdensburg. This was won by the Dora, after a very close race, beating the Toronto shell by about three feet. This was the sharpest and best contested race ever rowed on the St. Lawrence.

The yacht race was won in handsome style by the Minnie, owned and sailed by Joseph Johnson, of Ogdensburg.

EMPIRE CITY REGATTA CLUB.—This fine aquatic organization will hold a meeting at Farrish's House, in Third Avenue, on Monday evening, July 12th, to make arrangements for their seventh annual regatta, which will probably take place early in September. We are glad that the members of this club, who for the long period of six years have given the lovers and admirers of the noble sport of rowing, so much enjoyment on the Harlem River, will not omit their annual gala-day even during the present season. We predict that it will form one of the most interesting and successful regatta days that the "Empire Boys" have ever experienced.

THE RING.

FIGHTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Copies sent from the *CLIPPER* office, on receipt of price, 25 cts. 45-11

LIVES AND BATTLES OF HEENAN AND SAYERS, price 25 cents. Copies mailed on receipt of price. 45-11

THE FAIRLIE.—JESSE FAIRLIE, Proprietor, No. 141 Chatham st., next door to National Theatre. His two sons, Harry and John, always at home to give lessons in the Art of Self Defence. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars, constantly on hand. 25-11

HARRY GRIBBIN returns thanks to all who have visited him at his new quarters, No. 282 1/2 Bowery, of which place he is now the sole Proprietor. The print of the big fight, portraits of noted pugilists, and other celebrities may be seen here. Free and Easy every Wednesday and Saturday evenings, the chair being taken by Mr. Mat Glenn. Ales, wines, liquors, and segars, of the best quality, on hand, and The *CLIPPER* and other domestic and foreign sporting journals filed. 45-11

WM. CLARK'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. Ales, wines, liquors, segars, and refreshments. All the Sporting News of the day

A PROMISE FULFILLED.—During a parade one day, recently, at Boston, Mass., Major Stevenson's battalion band played a very conspicuous piece. One air, which was peculiarly melodious, excited the curiosity of a spectator to such a degree, that he marched past the band, and asked a bugler: "the name of the piece you're just playing?" "The 'March of the Union,'" answered the bugler, with his mouth bristling with brass. "I'm not a Union bugler," said the man, with his mouth bristling with words. "I'm a member of the 'X-t-r-a.' 'Thank you, sir,' said the inquirer, 'I owe you one.'"

THIS POPULAR FEELING IN ENGLAND.—An Englishman residing in this city received a letter from the North of England last week, in which it is stated that if they should be needed or accepted by our government, a regiment of thousands of volunteers would be raised in England, and sent to our country, to fight for us, and ready to render immediate service, to be tendered to the United States for the war against the Southern rebels. And, adds the writer, "It should not cost the government of the United States a single dollar."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

DEVOTED TO SPORTS AND PASTIMES—THE DRAMA—PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS, ETC.

Terms.—Single copies, 4 cents each. By mail—\$1.00 for six months; \$2.00 for one year. Club of four, \$7.00 per annum; club of eight, \$12.00 per annum; club of twelve, \$18.00 per annum—in all cases in advance.

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FRANK QUINN, PROPRIETOR.
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

HOT WEATHER.

What are called the "dog days" are fairly upon us, and we feel their influence every hour out of the twenty-four—at night particularly, when sleep seems to be as far from us as we are given to understand it from the famous Thane of Cawdor, who is reported to have "murdered sleep"—that is, done something very wicked, through which he was obliged to continue wakeful throughout the rest of his life.

The signs of languor too sure to follow when the thermometer stands as it does, are painfully obvious. Of ladies, whose presence is wont to embellish our great thoroughfares at times less oppressive, we see few, even after sunset; while the male bipeds who are obliged to be out, wear an aspect of the most woe-begone description. We meet less children on the sidewalks; consequently, the streets are more quiet; and if the naked look of our dining saloons is to be taken as a criterion, people just now have little or no appetite. The brute creation shares in the general languor. Horses and dogs look as though they were disgusted with life, and the steeds that draw our public stages, as though they regretted that they were ever born.

It is, however, fortunate for New Yorkers with a little leisure and an amount of spare money, that a noble river is close at their doors, and a nobler ocean not far removed beyond—fortunate also, that the facilities for transfer to and from are many, comfortable and economical. Most of us can manage a trip to Coney or Staten Island within the week—to Long Branch, the Fishing Barks, Sandy Hook or New Brighton—if not to more remote places; and if any of our many readers have not yet availed themselves of the pleasure accruing from a visit to either of these places, all we have to say is, do not neglect it until too late.

As a general rule, a trip on the water in summer weather is a delightful thing; with such water as we have near and around us, and such spots to land at, the pleasure of the occasion is enhanced. Moreover, there are collateral circumstances which now give an extra invitation to the heated and anxious denizens of the city, and bid him seek relaxation on the beautiful element which is a type of pleasantness and purification. The circumstances alluded to are those of the war, in which we necessarily are greatly interested, and which, with their incidentals, all bearing upon us nationally and socially, predispose mind and body towards a change such as we recommend. Away, then, from the city, we say—some for a longer, others for a shorter period; but all for the water or the water side. Whether it be a month or a few hours you pass there, the improvement in you, physical and morally, will be in proportion. The water is always good; sometimes, as now, a blessing beyond price.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER TWENTY-ONE.

ADAH ISAACS MENKEN.

Rachel Adah Isaacs, the eccentric scholar and poetess, was born in the city of New Orleans, La., in the year 1839, of French and American parents, and, as her name indicates, of the Jewish religion, which she has always loved, and been a warm defender of. Of her own father but little can be ascertained, beyond that he was a merchant in good position, and died in 1842, leaving a widow, who was a woman of the loveliest character and highly accomplished. She was married to Dr. Josiah Campbell, a graduate of the famous Edinburgh University in Scotland, and a surgeon in the U. S. army, and stationed many years at the regular barracks at Baton Rouge, La. He was a gentleman of high attainments, and skilled as a surgeon and physician. He was the first to perceive that Adah was gifted with what the world calls genius, and undertook her education himself. His patience and devotion until his death, in 1855. In these years, besides mastering the French, Latin, and Hebrew languages, he became thoroughly versed in the classics and mathematics. When 12 years of age she translated from the original tongue, Homer's Iliad.

She was called eccentric from her earliest childhood, because she was never a child, always studious, and evinced a judgment and understanding far beyond her years. Her leisure hours were not in her leisure hours, instead of dressing dolls like the generality of children. After her step father's death, the family became reduced to straightened circumstances. Her mother being of a poetical and gentle nature, could but poorly battle with the world alone. Adah knew that she must do something, and being a child, she could think of nothing but the stage. By energy and perseverance she soon became a fine dancer, having had the best masters of the French and Spanish schools. Her first appearance before the public was made at the French Opera House, in New Orleans, at the age of 14 years. She was *prima donna* there for one whole season, was petted and admired by the whole French population; and, upon the occasion of her farewell benefit, presents of diamonds and gold were bestowed upon her to the value of \$2000—one bracelet alone cost \$700. She then joined the Monplaisir Troupe, and went to Cuba; appeared at the Tacón Theatre—attracted much attention by her grace and beauty. She was afterwards adopted by one of the wealthiest Spanish families on the island. Her family removed to Cuba. Adah had horses, carriages, diamonds and money at her command; all was bestowed with lavish hand upon those around her. She was called in Havana the "Queen of the Plaza." Some members of the family in which Adah lived, died, and the estates were drawn into immediate liquidation. She became disappointed, and gathered up horses, dogs, &c., and went to Texas, and from thence to Mexico, where she obtained an engagement as *prima donna* in the city of Mexico, at one of the most magnificent theatres in the world. After this season of triumph, Adah went to Port Lavaca, Texas. Out hunting one day with her groom and dogs, a party of Indians took the whole party captive. Adah was held for more than three weeks, when a party of Texan Rangers came upon the Indians, and after killing two of them, rescued our heroine and took her to Austin, where the army was then stationed, headed by Gen. Hursey. Adah was presented to the general and his family as a trophy of victory. She remained in the barracks for three months, had her own apartments, breakfasted with the family, then attended the general in translating Spanish documents into French or English, rode out on horseback with the general to review the troops, after giving orders and commanding the regiment with the dignity and precision of an old soldier. Finally returned to her home in Cuba and from thence went to New Orleans.

She now resolved to give up the stage, and turn her energies to literature. Commenced by studying German and reading classic authors with the best of masters. Music and painting were also among her studies. During this time she published a volume of poems called "Memories," under the signature of "Indigina," which gave promise of even greater to their young author. She also was a regular contributor to the *N. O. Delta* and *Sunday Crescent*. She again visited Texas to look after a large tract of land that belonged to her. She established a newspaper of her own in Liberty, Texas, and became teacher of Latin and French in the young ladies' academy there. She died of life in Texas, and resolved to return to her native city. In Galveston she was married, after a short acquaintance, to Mr. Menken, a merchant of Cincinnati. In consequence of some domestic misunderstanding the marriage was an unhappy one. Adah resolved to become an actress. Unlabeled and alone she made her first study of classic and legitimate tragedy. She made her first appearance on any stage as an actress, in the character of Bianca, in the tragedy of "Fazio," at the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, in the spring of 1858. The success which she achieved is shown in the following criticism from the pen of John W. Overall, one of the severest and most discriminating critics in America, who was editor of the *N. O. Delta*.

"During one week of her engagement she created a *furore*. A complete *revue* was tendered her, signed by the mayor of the city, governor of the State, Judah P. Benjamin, and other distinguished men. On this night she was crowned with flowers by the first ladies of the city, and presented with a set of diamonds by the stockholders of the theatre, and a golden goblet by other admirers."

She afterwards appeared at Wood's Theatre, in Cincinnati, and in Louisville, with Edwin Booth. Soon after this she became acquainted with W. H. C. Crisp Company, for Memphis and Nashville, during which engagement she supported Mr. Murdoch, Edwin Booth, Mr. Neale, Hackett, and other stars, with the highest honor to herself and praise from all. After or during this season she procured a divorce from Mr. Menken.

She soon after undertook a starring tour, but not succeeding as

well as she deserved, she was advised to play comedy, as the stage was over run with tragedy, and its day was waning. She studied and played comedies, farces, dances, &c., and won universal admiration. Becoming disgusted with the idea of Female Highwaymen and Jack Sheppards, she left the stage and studied sculpture. Worked in the studio of T. D. Jones, at Columbus. Wrote for various journals at the same time. She now went to Cincinnati, and became the principal contributor to the *Zephyrus*, the leading Jewish paper in America. Her review to *The Churchman*, in defence of Baron Rothschild's Admission to Parliament was copied widely in England, translated for French and German Journals, and for which she received an autograph letter of praise and thanks from Baron Rothschild, calling her the inspired Deborah of her race.

The circumstances of her family compelled her to return to the stage. She played several engagements west, and while at Dayton, Ohio, she was elected, by complimentary vote, Captain of the Dayton Light Guard, and presented with a handsome sword and epaulettes by the company. A full length portrait of her, dressed in the uniform of the Guard, now adorns their armory in Dayton.

She was afterwards induced to enter into an engagement with Purdy, at the "National," New York. After her appearance there, she discovered the character of the theatre, and left suddenly, playing a very singular article of *Thou C. C. Hecate*, in the *Benjamin Boy*, and by force of circumstances and a strange infatuation, was said to have been married to him privately at his house on the Bloomingdale road, New York, by the Rev. J. S. Baldwin, on the 3d of April, 1859. Made a tour South and West with success. Appeared at the old Bowery Theatre, New York, to the largest houses ever assembled within its walls. Played in Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, from the theatre of the *Benjamin Boy*, and by force of circumstances and a strange infatuation, was said to have been married to him privately at his house on the Bloomingdale road, New York, by the Rev. J. S. Baldwin, on the 3d of April, 1859. Made a tour South and West with success. 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gan to be much interested upon the event. Oliver kept hitting and getting away, till he fought into a close. Donnelly broke from it, and the milling was severe till the Irish Champion went down on his knees. Loud shouting, and "now, Oliver, go to work, my boy, and you can't lose it!"

25. The round was also manfully contested. Donnelly appeared bleeding at the scratch. Oliver put in a bodier and got away; some sharp exchanges took place, till both of the combatants were glad to resort to sparring for a while. In fact, for an instant, they both stood still and looked at each other. Donnelly at length made a hit, and Oliver got away. Both of the combatants soon returned hard to work, when Donnelly again went down from the severity of the milling. Thunders of applause, and cries vociferated, "I'll bet a guinea to half a crown." Three to two was offered on Oliver; but 2 to 1 was current betting.

26. Donnelly made a hit, but Oliver stopped it. The latter also put in two nobbers, and got away laughing. This circumstance rather irritated Donnelly, and it was the first instance that he showed passion, by his running furiously after Oliver. Tom wanted off the fury of the attack; and he ultimately a hit sent Donnelly down by his hitting. Another loud shout for Oliver, and 3 to 1 offered. "Oliver will win it," was the general cry; long faces were seen—hedging-off was now the order of the day—the bitherto takers of the odds against Oliver, now loudly offered the odds upon the Westminster hero, with the fullest confidence of his proving the victor.

27. Donnelly came up very weak, and quite out of wind, but his confidence had not left him, and he hit Oliver a feeble face with his left hand. In struggling, both down, but Oliver undermost—50 minutes had elapsed. Donnelly had received some heavy blows about the nob and neck; yet, nevertheless, it is said by his seconds, that he was not distressed from the punishment he had received, but that he had drunk too much water from his feverish state, and was quite bluffed. It is most true, that many of his backers during their situations, and went to different parts of the ring to get their money off; and were quaking for fear that the event would be against them.

28. Great anxiety now prevailed among the partisans of Donnelly. Some hits passed between them, but to the advantage of Oliver, when Donnelly went down from the hitting. The odds were now upon Oliver all round the ring, and Donnelly's staunch friends, having no reason to doubt his pluck, took them in numerous instances.

29. The men were both upon their mettle; and this round was pronounced a good one all over the ring. The combatants closed, but broke away. Oliver made a hit upon Donnelly's face, laughed at him, and got away. The Irish Champion, however, got a turn, and with his left hand placed a rum one on Oliver's mouth, that not only sent him staggering away, but almost to be in want of a follow. Donnelly received a severe blow on the forehead, and sharp exchanges, till Donnelly fell down, and Oliver upon him.

30. One hour had expired, and all bets upon that score were lost. Oliver again bodied his opponent, but he received a staggering hit in return on his mug. Both down, after a good deal of bustling action, and Donnelly undermost. Loud shouting, and "well done, Oliver!"

The eye of Donnelly began to resume its former fire—his wind appeared improved, and he rather took to the lead in the round. Donnelly hit Oliver down, but also fell from a slip; in fact, from the force of his own blow. "Bravo, Donnelly," and loud applause.

32. The Irish Champion had evidently got round, and up Oliver's receiving a hit upon his mouth, that sent him some yards from his position. Randall offered to back Donnelly for \$200. After an exchange of hits, the men smiled, and said, "it was no more use for Donnelly to try to get the best of Oliver, as he was as good as dead." "Nabobek," cried a Pat leader; "it's all right now, Dan, show your opponent some play." Some sharp hitting, till both resorted to sparring. The men fought into a close, and broke away; the hitting was now so sharp, that Oliver turned round to avoid the heavy punishment with which he was assailed, and fell, and Donnelly's slip slipped down. "Bravo!" and all parts of the ring "Well done, Oliver!" "Go along, Donnelly!"

33. "Have you not got a right arm?" said Tom Belcher to Donnelly; "we must win it, Dan." The Irish Champion hit Oliver a terrible face, that sent him away from his ground. "It's all your own," said Randall; "repeat it." Donnelly did so with great force. "That's the way, my boy," echoed Belcher; "another!" Donnelly followed the advice of these excellent champions; and better seconds he could not have, or who exerted their best efforts in his cause; and he gave a third factor, in succession, without receiving any return. After some exchanges passed, Oliver was getting rather feeble, from his struggle in bringing Donnelly down, and he fell upon him with his knee upon his throat. "Do you call that fair?" said Belcher; "at that circumstance had happened on our side, you would have been a fool for an hour." Oliver, who would have been a fool for an hour, then the latter set to very spiritedly, and nobbed Oliver; some sharp exchanges occurred, when, in closing, Donnelly put in a dreadful hit upon Oliver's ear, and also in crossing buttung him. Oliver, when picked up and put on his second's knee, was insensible, and his head hung upon his shoulders as if it had been dislocated. "Time, time," was called, but the brave, the game, the unfortunate Oliver heard not the call, and, without a word, set to work to get up. Oliver and Donnelly then shook hands, and drank each other's health; when the latter then went into a wagon to see the fight between Lash-brooke and Dowd, and left the ground, in a barouche and four, to sleep at Riddlesdown, the place where he was trained, and arrived the next morning at Mr. Dignam's, the Red Lion, Houghton Street, Carey Market. Oliver also arrived in town the same day.

The traits of Oliver had been so long known to the amateurs of the Prize Ring, that nothing new could be offered respecting him. Concerning Donnelly it was widely different. He had now shown his capabilities to the admirers of scientific pugilism in England; and the judgment pronounced upon his merits was briefly this: The Irish Champion had not turned out so "good a fighter" as was anticipated; perhaps, to be more intelligible on this subject, he was not that decisive, tremendous hitter with his right hand which was calculated upon. In fact, he did not use his right hand at all; if he had, he must, in all probability, have decided the battle full half an hour sooner than it terminated. For game and coolness he was not wanting; but for obtaining "a throw or a fall," he would prove a very dangerous customer for any man on the list. Donnelly might have felt that sort of embarrassment which hangs about a provincial actor that first treads the London boards; and, to use his own words upon the merits of the above battle, he said, it was a bad fight, and that he had acted like "a wood-man," and he could not account for it. His next essay, he thought, might prove altogether as different, from his success in defeating Oliver, who once put up for the Championship of England. Donnelly's right hand was frequently open when he hit. His face appeared, on leaving the ring, totally exempt from punishment, excepting some scratches upon his lips. His right ear, however, was strongly marked; but the principal hitting he sustained was upon the body. Neither did Oliver exhibit great severity of milling; yet he was terribly hit about the throat and ears; and also heavily on the body. The latter by no means punished Donnelly as he did Neat; but the heavy falls that Oliver received proved him to be thoroughly good in nature, a game man, and that he would contend for victory while a spark of animation was left in his composition.

CIRCUMSTANCES CONNECTED WITH THE ABOVE BATTLE.—On the day previous to the mill, a noble Lord called upon Donnelly, at Riddlesdown, about one o'clock in the day, and rather tauntingly observed, "that about that time to-morrow he might expect a pretty head and face, from the fist of Oliver." Donnelly (at all times facetious) looking the above personage full in the face, replied with much jocular and ironical expression, "that he was not born in a wood, to be scared by an owl!" The laugh went round against the amateur of rank; and by way of softening the thing, he betted Donnelly £15 to £10 upon Oliver, which the Irish Champion immediately accepted.

One trait of Donnelly is highly worthy of notice; on quitting his room to enter the apartment of Oliver, the "colored handkerchief," which he had won, belonging to his fallen opponent, he would not publicly wear by way of exultation, or to wound the feelings of Oliver, but concealed it, by way of pad, in the green handkerchief which he wore round his neck.

Soon after Donnelly had arrived at Riddlesdown, Shelton, by the desire of an amateur, who offered to back him for £200, challenged the Irish Champion, to fight his own time.

The seconds on both sides were upon the alert to bring their men through the piece; and every person was astonished to see the activity displayed by Tom Belcher in picking up so heavy a man as Donnelly, and the industry used by Randall towards obtaining victory. The conduct of the Champion of England was cool and manly in the

extreme; and Shelton never lost sight of a point that could assist Oliver.

The sporting houses were crowded with persons at an early hour in the evening, anxious to know the result; and the Castle Tavern, Randall's, Welch's, and Dignam's, were overflowing with the well-pleased, warm-hearted countrymen of Donnelly. The Irish part of the fancy won immense sums by this victory.

DONNELLY RECEIVED THE FOLLOWING LETTER ON THE NIGHT PREVIOUS TO THE FIGHT, AT RIDDLEDOWN.

MR. DONNELLY.—We have the pleasure of informing you, that there is a subscription of £104 deposited in the hands of Mr. Barnett, ship-builder, at Backwall, to be presented to you on the event of your battle with Oliver. Our committee consists of Mr. Barnett, as above; Mr. Russell, master of the King's Eye Manufactory; Mr. Simms, principal manager of the West India Docks; Mr. Hume, superintendent of the East India Docks; Mr. Conway, store-keeper of foreign wines and spirits; Mr. Norton, master of the East India Tavern; and seven other respectable shopkeepers and tradesmen of the place. We have had a tolerable round sum on your winning the battle, and have been joined last night by nine freshmen, (by their particular request,) who have wagered £126 on your side, and the money of both parties (£232) deposited in the hands of Mr. Barnett; and when we proposed the subscription to them, they consulted together, and in five minutes agreed to give £210s a man, being £210s which they immediately delivered to Mr. Barnett; the whole subscriptions being £2124 10s. We need not say, that we wish you success, and shall be exceedingly happy in seeing you at the East India Tavern, Backwall, whenever it suits your convenience. Mr. Norton, the master of the tavern, will be very glad of announcing your arrival at Backwall to us.

We remain most respectfully yours, &c.

WILLIAM BARNETT, HENRY HUME, JOSEPH RUSSELL, ARTHUR SIMMS, GEORGE CONWAY, JAMES NORTON.

East India Tavern, Backwall, July 20th, 1819.

P.S.—We hope Mr. Dignam has no concern with Carter, or any other man of his character. In case it should be a drawn battle, we engage to give Mr. Dignam at least £20.

In the course of a few days after the battle, Donnelly made the best of his way to the East India Tavern, Backwall, in high spirits, to draw the blunt; but on his producing the above letter to the landlord of the East India Tavern, it turned out a complete hoax, to Dan's mortification and disappointment.

Notwithstanding Donnelly's obtaining the victory over Oliver, it appeared to be the general opinion, that his talents had been much over-rated as a pugilist. Challenges, in consequence, flowed fast in upon him, and a Nobleman offered Donnelly his choice out of Cooper, Shelton, Gregson, Sutton, Spring, Carter, Neat, Richmond, and Painter, for £100 a side. But Donnelly declined accepting any of them at that time.

THE STUDY OF GYMNASTICS.

It was provided by one of the laws of Solon, that every Athenian should be taught to read and to swim. The regular liberal education of a Greek youth consisted of three parts; grammar, music, and gymnastics—the two former embracing all the branches of intellectual culture; but the latter, we are told, "was thought by the ancients a matter of such importance that this part of education alone occupied as much time and attention as all the others put together." These studies were all pursued together up to the age of sixteen, but then the two former were dropped, and from the age of sixteen to eighteen, the youth of ancient times devoted themselves exclusively to gymnastics. The academy and the lyceum, names which among us are associated only with intellectual culture, were originally gymnasia, the theatre of strenuous bodily discipline as well as the scene of intellectual exercises. The interest in gymnastics and their practical pursuit was not outgrown with youth, but men of all ages, both in Greece and Rome, practiced daily in the gymnasia; and these, at least in Rome, were regularly attached to private houses.

Everybody is familiar with the Grecian games, the Olympic, the Isthmian and the rest—solemn festivals in which the Grecian interest in gymnastics culminated, when all the States assembled to witness antagonistic contests. The only prize awarded to the conqueror at these games was a crown of leaves—parsley, or laurel, or olive; but this simple wreath was the title to fame such as might well stir the Grecian youth.

"To scorn delights and live laborious days." The victor was thought to confer honor on the State to which he belonged, and on his return was reckoned too worthy to enter the city of his home by the common gateway, so that a breach used to be made in the walls through which he alone passed in triumph, and which was straightway closed up behind him. He was henceforth exempt from taxes, and sat in the seat of honor at future games. Statues were erected in his honor, and his name was raised to the stars by the poets of his age.

What was the secret of all this attention to gymnastics and this honor to its successful cultivation, wherein the ancients differ so much from modern nations? It is easy to find it, or at least to name the leading cause. The period when these customs prevailed was before the day of gunpowder; before the rise of international law, when all strangers were enemies, and all foreigners barbarians; before the period of settled government, of "liberty protected by law." The value put upon prowess and physical agility and strength must needs be great in countries which were constantly engaged in war, and when the fortunes of battle were decided almost solely by these qualities. But now, on the other hand, we fight with guns and not with swords, with the laws of engineering and the skill of engineers, and with diplomacy, things which have long since laid the ancient spirit of personal prowess in its grave. Moreover, the nature of our popular institutions has combined with these changes in laws and manners, to depreciate the cultivation of gymnastics. The bulwark of modern popular governments is popular education. A chief pillar of the ancient States was the physical force, the bone and muscle, arms and legs, strength, swiftness and agility of fighting men. We lack the urgent motive that led the classical nations to devote so much attention to physical culture; or rather it should be said, that the same motive induces us to efforts equally strenuous towards cultivating and informing the mind. We invert the ancient order of studies—the ancient put gymnastics first and foremost, and intellectual culture afterwards—if, indeed, we can be truly said to give gymnastics any place whatever. Accordingly, we stimulate our youth by every motive to the studies of the school-room, especially during these identical years when the Greeks discharged their youth from such pursuits, and put them solely upon the study of gymnastics; and we are silent in our exhortations to the young about discipline and culture of the bodily powers, falsely assuming that the natural instincts of youth will teach them all they need to know on this head. We found lyceums and academies, which are built exclusively for intellectual or æsthetic purposes, while the original academies and lyceums were constructed mainly for the training of the body. We rightly make public provision for schools and colleges where the minds of the young may gain knowledge, and for churches whereby men may grow in spiritual grace and power; but as yet, little or nothing of a corresponding character is done for the benefit of the body. Our country is flooded with books, on which millions feed, delight or discipline their minds daily; our people throng the lecture room, as other nations frequent the theatre, and day after day devour whole acres of newspapers. And so it comes to pass that we forget that which holds true, as a general rule, notwithstanding all changes in laws and manners, that a sound mind requires a sound body; and we do not consider that in proportion as it has become our policy to insist on popular education (by which is meant the education of the mind) in the same degree we should be solicitous to satisfy all those physical conditions on which a sound mental education depends. And therefore it sometimes appears as if our people were far gone in mental as well as physical dyspepsia, the former resulting from too much and too rapid mental feeling; the latter from too little physical exercise. The nation is apt to seem nervous, irritable, given to living on excitement, unstable, rushing often to extremes. But no nation or person can afford to forget that the body is at once the seat and the only primary instrument of the soul, and

that he who aspires to the right development of the higher powers, must begin with bringing every bodily faculty into subjection by exercise and discipline. Therefore we are glad to see that symptoms are beginning to appear in the current literature, in the legislation of some of the States, in the movements of societies like the German Turners, and in the increasing popular interest in certain athletic sports, which indicate that public attention is becoming drawn to the subject of gymnastics. It is to be hoped that this much-neglected branch of education will begin, at no distant day, to receive its proper share of attention among our people.

Muzzling Dogs, and on Rabies.

BY GEO. H. DADD, VETERINARY SURGEON.

ABOUT "Dog days," it is customary in various parts of the United States, for the Mayors of cities, or some other public functionary, to issue a *Ukase* against the liberty and comfort of the canine race, but if there be any truth in the revelations of modern science, the practice of muzzling dogs should be dispensed with entirely, for at best it is a very uncertain safeguard to man, and a very irritating punishment to the animal. Such is the opinion of Prof. Dick, as expressed before the Town Council of Edinburgh, and the same views are now entertained by most of the educated veterinarians in this country and in Europe. I have satisfied myself beyond a possibility of a doubt, that there is no necessity for adopting such cruelties as muzzling and confining dogs in view of guarding against the production or propagation of rabies, during dog days, nor at any other season of the year. I am aware that the practice bears the seal of antiquity, yet that is no proof of its utility, especially when both experience and science condemn it. The absurd notion about *Sirius*—Dog Star—producing "direful spring of woes unnumbered," to drive dogs mad, is now exploded. The notion resulted from a misinterpretation of the Egyptian hieroglyphic of the star, which was a dog or a dog's head. The hieroglyphic taught that the star gave the faithful warning of a watch dog to the inhabitants of Egypt, in reference to the overflowing of the Nile; but in Greece and Italy, the original import of the figure was lost sight of, and fancy built on the hieroglyphic those popular fables which continue to influence civilization, in this, the nineteenth century of the Christian era! Among the reasons I offer in view of putting a stop to the popular cruelty of muzzling and confining dogs, are the following:—The disease known as rabies, in the dog, is often a spontaneous affection; hence, neither the muzzle nor confinement can prevent the development of this malady, but may be regarded as tending to create an evil against which they are intended. For example, muzzling and confinement in hot sultry weather—without regard to "Dog Star" or "Dog Days"—is apt to make a dog ill tempered, and render him very excitable; consequently, he is more apt, under the circumstances, to acquire a malady for which he has a peculiar idiosyncrasy. Most owners of dogs are well aware, that when an animal is of an irritable or angry temperament, the application of the muzzle, or confinement by chain, only tends to make him more vicious, much more so than if the animal were in a placid and undisturbed condition; in fact, the annoyance of a muzzle, often occasions some paroxysms of excitement so like rabies as to be mistaken for it, and so not only lead to the slaughter of a valuable animal not mad, but tends to leave an impression on the minds of the people that the creature is run mad. In such cases the madness consisted in the mistake made by the owner of the animal. In France it was thought, some years ago, that rabies might be prevented by raising the taxes on dogs, and thus their number might be diminished; but since the tax on dogs was established, the number of cases of hydrophobia have considerably increased at the veterinary school of Lyons. A member of the Academy of Medicine of Turin gives the following interesting details, under the caption of Hydrophobia. He attributes the fact to the chaining up of the animals, and to the state of forced continence in which they are kept. "The fact," he writes, "of the immunity of dogs in Constantinople has been contested. M. Bernis, Head Veterinary Surgeon of the army in Africa, asserts that hydrophobia is not very rare in our colony in Algeria. M. Magne, Professor at Alfort, knew a well authenticated case. These two distinguished veterinary surgeons do not, however, furnish any document which invalidates the general assertion of M. Hamont. M. Hamont, who has directed for fourteen years the Veterinary School at Cairo, admits the existence of cases of hydrophobia in Egypt, but asserts that they are never observed except in European dogs, who have afterwards inoculated indigenous animals. In support of this assertion, M. Lobbeigois cites a fact signalled in a letter addressed by M. Sacc, Professor at Wesseling to the Society for the Protection of Animals. Hydrophobia is not known on the Mussulman bank of the Danube, where the dogs wander freely about; but it is not very uncommon on the Hungarian side, in dogs of the same race, who are chained up in farms, etc." In consequence of these considerations, and of this asserted fact, that hydrophobia is excessively rare in female dogs, M. Lobbeigois advises that owners of dogs should keep only bitches, or castrated males, or dogs of both sexes; and that if they choose to keep males, they "ought not to impose upon them continence, but leave them to indulge in their traditional *gymnastics*, and not chain them up. The testimony of most veterinary writers goes to show that great heat is not the cause of rabies, and John Hunter informs the world that not one case of rabies occurred in Jamaica for forty years; and Dr. Thomas, who lived in the West Indies a long time, never saw nor heard of a case; and at the Cape of Good Hope it is very seldom met with. The greatest number of cases of hydrophobia in England occur in April and September, and it is a well known fact that the disease is more prevalent in the United States in the winter season, and the same remarks apply to the Canadas. Hence, it appears to me, that all persons having the least affection for dogs, should use their influence to stop the barbarous and outrageous custom of confining and muzzling them during the "dog days." The application of the muzzle prevents the dog from cooling his body by means of keeping his mouth open, and thus being able to protrude his tongue, making it a refrigerator of the body.

SMOKING REGULATIONS.—A book recently published in London, entitled "Habits of Good Society," contains the following rules and suggestions in regard to smoking:—But if you smoke, or if you are in the company of smokers, and are to wear your clothes in the presence of ladies afterwards, you must change them to smoke in. A host who asks you to smoke will generally offer you an old coat for the purpose. You must also, after smoking, rinse the mouth well out, and, if possible brush the teeth. You should never smoke in another person's house without leave, and you should not ask leave to do so if there are ladies in the house. When you are going to smoke a cigar yourself, you should offer one at the same time to any body present, if not a clergyman or a very old man. You should always smoke a cigar given to you, whether good or bad, and never make any remarks as to its quality.

A CURIOUS PHENOMENON.—Early on Wednesday morning following the battle at Bull Run, thousands of crows passed over Reading, Pa., their course evidently being in the direction of the scene of carnage in the South. It is a fact that carnivorous birds are often thus attracted, at great distances, by battlefields and the scent of human gore.

CATCHING FISH BY LIGHTNING.—One day recently, the lightning struck the dam at a grist mill, at South Hadley, Mass., and glancing off, was diffused over the pond. Soon after, the fish that had been stunned rose to the surface of the water, and large pickerel, suckers, shiners, and other fish were taken by hand in large quantities.

MASCULINE HOUSEKEEPING.

"What's that, my dear?—a trip into the country? Certainly—of course—go and enjoy yourself with the children—stay as long as you like. Don't be uneasy—I'll get along well enough; I'm at the office all day, you know. Needn't trouble yourself about me—guess I haven't forgotten all my old bachelor ways and means yet. Two trunks, three bandboxes, and a carpet bag, the canary bird's cage and the travelling basket! All right, Mrs. Jones. Good bye, my dear—be sure to write every other day."

And Mr. Jones struts off down town, with as much complacency as though he were the Kham of Tartary. What concealed little apes these women are—just as if he couldn't keep house! Does his wife suppose he doesn't know a frying pan from a darning needle? Domestic cares, indeed! Well, perhaps it may take a woman all her spare time to keep the kettle boiling, and to make the beds; but once let a man get the housekeeping helm into his hands, and see if he don't manage matters a little more scientifically! It all depends on the amount of intellect you bring to bear on these things! On the whole, Mr. Jones rather hopes his wife won't hurry home.

(Six weeks later.) "Why, Ezekiel Jones! what on earth is the matter with my gardening fork? You took it to toast bread on? I should think you did by the looks of it! 'Lived on toast,' did you! Couldn't cook beef-steak, because the gravy ran out of the pan, and played the mischief with your fire? Why, I shouldn't be at all surprised if you fried it in this utensil. Isn't it a frying pan? No, Mr. Jones, it's a cullender! How should you know the difference? Ezekiel, I told suppose men had a little more wit than to mistake a frying-pan for a cullender. A nice looking bedroom you've got up stairs, with all the dirty stockings crammed away under the bureau, and the wash-bowl full of nasty cigar ends. Wonder how often you shook up the feather-bed? You did not suppose it was necessary? That's just a man's house keeping. Where did all this crockery come from? The cups and saucers all got dirty, and you bought more? One way would have been to wash 'em! You never could get any water hot? Well, that's because you went all the ashes and cinders in a solid bank under the grate, until Sodom and Gomorrah couldn't be born d there, much less common kindling! Mercy on us! what is this sticky stuff in the soup-tureen? You tried to make a pie, but the flour and water stuck to your fingers so you ate the apples raw? What did you know about pies? You used to see me make them, and supposed there wasn't anything very difficult about the operation? Let me tell you, Mr. Jones, that a man don't know everything. Wonder what my wash-tubs are doing out in the middle of the kitchen floor! You thought you would wash out a pocket-handkerchief or two? Well, why didn't you? Got your coat cuffs all wet and lost the soap down in the wash-tub, and gave it up? The most sensible thing you could have done, I must say! Well, Jones, I've often heard of chaos, but I never fully realized what it meant before—now I begin to have a little idea of it! At all events, you swept the house neatly for me—you think you might have a little credit for that? If the precious man hasn't packed every speck of dust and dirt in a heap under the bed! Broken cologne bottles—half-burnt matches—odd slippers—candle ends and decayed apples—crumpled-up newspapers—potato parings—damp towels, and whittlings of wood! Take me away Jones—if I look at them another second I shall certainly faint! And your wardrobe isn't in any better condition; a great hole burned through your best coat-sleeve—your vest smeared with pie-making—your nice new trousers all coal-ashes and dust—"

"Here," says Mr. Jones, "I made a frantic rush past my wife, and succeeded in gaining the front door, with her last words ringing in my ears: 'If ever I go away, and leave you to keep the house again—'"

"After all, the paltry kitchen business is not exactly in a man's line. I dare say I could do it—but I don't think I'll try again. Very appropriate for Mrs. Jones, I don't doubt, but rather below a man's dignity!"

A VERY QUEER GAME.

Jaka Leeper is a case; he is a small, wiry subject, who has worn out his teeth and his cheeks with tobacco, and has fought many a battle with bad whiskey, and always got whipped.

Jaka has a brother-in-law, who has some fame as a lawyer, and he is the oracle of Jaka.

Last November Jaka took a load of wheat and two or three mess hogs to Camanche, with the intent of getting his winter supplies.

He sold his wheat for thirty-five cents a bushel, and his pork for three dollars a hundred. When he was ready to go home, he went to the grocery, and got rich very fast. Ed. Booker encountered Jaka, and invited him into a small grocery to see a new game of "kerds."

Jaka got home late, and he went to consult his brother-in-law.

"William," says Jaka, "I have had a grand time at Camanche; you see, after I had sold my wheat and pork and taken a horn of whiskey, William, I met that Ed. Booker, and he asked me down to Mullett's to see a new game of 'kerds.' And when I went into Mullett's, there he was playing 'kerds' with two decks—one deck he had spread out on the table, and the other he was dealing out of a little box. And I see a fellow put a quarter on one of the 'kerds' on the table, and presently he won a quarter. I looked on a while, and the fellow soon had lots of quarters. Says I, Jaka Leeper, now's your time to make your fortune. So I pulls out a quarter, and put it down, and won; and then put down another, and I won, and won, William, till I had four dollars all in quarters. Says I, Jaka Leeper, this is better than raising wheat at thirty-five cents a bushel. So I concluded I would just double my bet, and go in and win; and then I put down half a dollar, and I won, and so kept winning half dollars, and I soon had eight dollars, William, in half dollars. Says I, Jaka Leeper, this is better than raising pork at three dollars a hundred. So I gave a boy half a dollar, and told him to take my horses to the tavern and feed them and curry them; so I called for some more whiskey, and took off my coat, and went in upon my luck, and I doubled my bet, William, and lost it. And then I doubled my bet, and I lost that; and pretty soon, before my horses were done eating, I lost all I had won, and all the money I got for my wheat and pork, William. Now, that is a very curious game, William; do you know the name of it?"

"No," says William.

"Well," says Jaka, "is there not some ancient history or book, or story, or perhaps the Scriptures, William, where there is an account of some great king, who pursued his enemies, and when he got to some creek or river, or some great water-course, the waters divided, and he and his whole army were drowned, William?"

"Oh," says William, "you mean the Bible, which tells about the children of Israel being pursued by Pharaoh, King of Egypt."

"That's it; that's the name of the game—faro, William, faro—and my load of wheat and pork went down like king faro. It is a curious game, William."

The debts of different nations and states are estimated in the European States at more than ninety-nine hundred and eighty millions of dollars—\$9,980,873,768. The most deeply indebted nations are: Great Britain, \$3,876,563,470; France, \$1,606,388,493; Austria, \$1,299,420,000; Russia, \$1,041,514,123; Spain, \$752,205,548; Holland, \$450,395,337; and Prussia, Portugal, Sardinia, Belgium, and Denmark severally, owe more than one hundred millions. The Central and South American States owe \$308,698,014, of which Mexico is set down for \$133,626,242; Brazil, \$78,277,250; Peru, \$46,451,387; Venezuela, \$22,865,620, and the others, various sums from one quarter of a million to fifteen millions of dollars.

BOONE, THE PATRIOT.

A BLOODY BATTLE WITH INDIANS.

History, however true to the main facts, but imperfectly records many of the most thrilling episodes of the days that are past and gone. Among the numerous instances which historians dispose of in a paragraph or two, is the one that follows. In justice to the gallant Boone we have endeavored to work up the fact in a form more graphic and interesting to the mass of our readers. With this brief introduction we commence our sketch.

"Injuns! Injuns! Injuns!" This was the ominous cry that loudly and rapidly passed from mouth to mouth one day in the early times, among the settlers at Bryant's Station, Kentucky.

Men, women, and children lifted up their voices in loud alarm.

For a few minutes there was a scene of noise and confusion, and then every man and boy within the stockade was at his post, ready for action.

Meanwhile the Indians had come up and surrounded the fort. Whooping and yelling like very devils, the painted savages instantly opened the attack.

A galling fire from the stockade immediately followed, and the redskins scattered in all directions.

"Hurrah!" shouted the beleaguered pioneers, in ringing tones.

The redskins answered with a yell of defiance, but did not renew the attack. On the contrary they took to their heels and precipitately fled into the depths of the forest.

"Pursue them! pursue them!" was then the cry of the excited settlers.

"Stop, men, stop!" cried Boone. "Pursuit under such circumstances would be the worst step you could take. Follow my advice and stay where you are for the present."

At that moment, however, the fiery-headed pioneers were too intensely excited to hear anybody's advice, even Boone's, who most of the time was an oracle to them.

Still the cry was, "pursue the Indians," and finally one hundred and eighty men, madly thirsting for the blood of the redskins, started on the trail, bending their steps towards Blue Licks, in which direction the savages had retreated.

"Wall, if the fools will go, I'll not desert them, though I march to my death," muttered Boone between his teeth. "Tisn't often they'll take my advice, but their blood's up now, and they'll not listen to anything but their own hot passions. Come, Israel," he added, beckoning to a fine-looking young man who was standing near by, "come, my boy, we'll go along with the rest of 'em, though it's a fool's errand we're goin' on. It shall never be said, however, that we held back when our services were needed."

"Wherever you go, father, I am ready to follow," responded the young man, throwing his rifle over his shoulder, and stepping off by the side of his hardy sire.

Without any diminution of their frenzy, the pursuers hurried along until they came to the banks of the river, and farther than their tracks, nothing more had yet been seen of the redskins.

At the earnest entreaty of Boone the party here halted, to hold a council of war.

"What is to be gained by stopping here, when our minds are made up to pursue the bloody savages to the last?" cried Major Hugh McGary, of Harrodsburg, a brave, but very hot-headed and impulsive man.

"Hear what I've got to say," quietly responded Boone, "and then decide the matter yourselves. I'm cool, an' I'm sorry to say you're not. By my heart, I never saw you less capable of actin' judiciously."

McGary and many of the others chafed at the delay, but they could not well refuse the slight favor that Boone demanded of them. In stern array the settlers gathered around Boone, McGary, and the other leaders, and prepared themselves to hear what the former had to say.

"What I've got to say, my friends, is just this," began Boone, with the air of a man who had no doubts of himself or his words. "In the first place, it was an act of foolhardiness to leave the settlement at all, an' if better counsel don't prevail, an' change your purpose, not many of us'll ever be likely to get back agin'."

"We've got to fight it out with the red devils, and why not now as well as any other time?" impatiently demanded McGary.

"You wouldn't ask the question, Major, if ye knew as much o' the redskins as I do," responded Boone. "I tell ye, he added, that war more hidden behind that spurt at the fort than your hot heads seem to imagine."

"What d'ye mean by that?" eagerly demanded many voices.

"I mean this," unhesitatingly responded Boone. "Them Injuns wouldn't run off after the first fire, if they hadn't had some object in view. an' I'll tell you what that object war." The far seeing pioneer hesitated a moment, as if to give better effect to his words.

"What?" loudly demanded a hundred voices.

"To draw you arter them into an ambush."

A moment's deep silence followed this announcement, and many of the settlers began to show signs of siding with Boone.

"Already," continued the intrepid pioneer, "we may find our way out if we attempt to retrace our steps; but nevertheless, the best thing we can do is to get back agin as soon as possible. We arn't in a condition to meet the Indians in open battle, especially if they come on us in any force, as I think they are likely to do now. At any moment General Logan may arrive (he was hourly expected) an' then we'll be better prepared to meet our common enemy. As it is, this adventure is madness, an' if ye arn't lost to all reason, follow me back to the settlements."

"And I call all who are not cowards to follow me!" shouted the hot-headed and imprudent Major. "We are one hundred and eighty strong, and one hundred and eighty brave Kentuckians are good for twice that number of whooping redskins, at least, and there isn't a quarter as many as that in the party ahead of us. As for an ambush, I for one will run all risk, and where is the coward who will turn his back upon me and sneak away. Kentuckians never fear to face danger. Come on, then, if you are brave and true men, and don't let these red devils escape. I lead the van. Who'll refuse to follow?"

"Still I tell ye my friends, ye'd better go back and wait for General Logan!" exclaimed Boone, in clear and cool tones, without noticing the objectionable language of the Major.

"I say wait for nobody!" shouted McGary. "Follow me, Kentuckians, to victory and vengeance. On! on! on!"

Waving his hand, and still shouting for others to follow, McGary dashed and plunged into the stream. Many instantly followed him, and even those who wavered for a while, in a few moments rushed after the rest, completely carried off by the excitement.

"They will go, father, in spite of everything," angrily exclaimed young Boone.

"They're blind, Israel," responded the father. "However we must see the end o' it, my boy, so come along, and keep as close to me as you kin, for that's going to be hot work pretty soon, or I'm a fool."

"McGary'll have it all to answer for, not you," rejoined the young man, as he entered the stream with his parent.

"That Major is strong-headed, and wrong-headed, an' not fit for a leader," said Boone, as they followed along, a little apart from the main body of the pioneers.

In due time the whole band reached the opposite shore, and led on by McGary, started in pursuit.

Everything was now confusion and disorder. Suddenly a few Indians were discovered in the distance ahead.

"Look! there is our enemy now!" wildly shouted

McGary, dashing ahead with renewed speed. "On, Kentuckians, on!"

"Hurra, hurra!" cried the settlers, as they rushed along after him.

The redskins in the distance now turned and fled. "Halt, for God's sake halt!" yelled Boone, at a glance comprehending what the others were at the time too blind to see. "An ambush! an ambush!" he added, in desperate tones.

No one heeded the warning, however, if indeed it was heard at all.

In a few minutes the Kentuckians entered a spot in every way favorable for an ambush. The devoted pioneers noticed it not, however. They were blind from beginning to end.

Suddenly a loud stunning report smote on the air, and half the settlers went down beneath a terrible fire from some unseen enemy.

Then from all around the poor pioneers were set upon by the yelling redskins in overwhelming numbers. Full four hundred savages were ambushed, as it afterwards appeared.

Yells, shrieks and shouts of every description now filled the air.

"I know'd it! I couldn't have know'd it better if somebody had told me," exclaimed Boone at the first sound of the attack. "Now, boy," he added, turning to his son, "it's fight hard for our lives if we ever did. There's no hope of beatin' off such a party as that, so every man must do his best to 'scape the massacre. We kin do nothin' in such a situation but save ourselves, and 'bout the Lord's keep we ain't agoin' to do that."

Meantime the deluded pioneers were madly fighting for their lives—fighting as such men, in such a situation only could fight. A more bloody battle the annals of our country do not record. It was desperation on the part of the whites, and in that dark and terrible hour every man proved himself a hero. Still the mighty struggle was in vain, for the Indians greatly outnumbered the pioneers, and had too much the advantage in the start.

Boone and his son Israel escaped the first destructive fire, but were set upon by the savage red men too quickly to admit of escape. Forced to fight for their lives, however, they laid about them like lions.

At length, by some means, Israel became separated from his father, and the famous pioneer was so busily engaged in defending his own life that for awhile he did not notice it.

"Father! father!" at length struck upon his ears like a knell.

"Here! here!" shouted back Boone, running in the direction of the sound, and just in time to see his son fall beneath the blows of three or four stalwart savages.

"Help! help! help!" cried the brave youth as he sank to the ground.

Still the bloody battle went on, but the latter portion of the combatants were now much further removed from the point occupied by Boone and Israel, and those nearest them had been backing off in one direction, and the rest of the settlers in another. Only a small party of the redskins, comparatively speaking, were engaged in the band around him, the balance being occupied where the bloody fight was the thickest.

On hearing his son cry for help, and the words preceded the young man's fall but a moment, Boone uttered a great shout, and with renewed forces rushed upon his assailants right and left. In a few moments he reached Israel's side. A glance satisfied him that the brave boy was not yet dead. With one powerful blow cutting down the nearest redskin, he bent to the ground, picked up his wounded, bleeding son in his brawny, muscular arms, and beating back the other savages, began slowly to retreat. At the same time the rush of battle brought many of the settlers between himself and the Indians, affording him a moment's respite.

"Father, I'm dying fast," whispered Israel in feeble, broken tones. "I can't live but a few moments at the best. Lay me down and take care of your own life. It's my last wish."

"Oh! Israel, my boy," responded the pioneer with much emotion, "don't ask me such a thing! I can't, I can't! While thar's life thar's hope, an' my arm is strong yet."

"But, father, you risk your own precious life without any hope of saving me!" feebly responded the dying youth. "I am wounded to the death. I can hardly speak now, and see but faintly. In a moment it will all be over. For the sake of others, grant what I ask. I can't say any more. Good bye! God bless you! Love—to—all!"

A gasp—a throes—and Israel Boone breathed his last.

"He's dead! my boy's dead!" cried the pioneer, in tones of anguish, and as he uttered these words he bent over and kissed the cold clammy lips of his son.

At the same moment a huge, ferocious-looking savage suddenly sprang upon him, aiming a blow at his devoted head. Quick as thought, however, Boone sprang to his feet, caught the redskin's arm with his left hand, and with his right drove his knife up to the hilt in his assailant's bosom.

Without a groan the Indian fell dead to the ground. At the same instant several others rushed at Boone, but the latter suddenly turned around, and with the speed of the wind bounded away into the forest. A number followed in pursuit of him, but Boone was not the man to be easily captured, and at last the redskins were obliged to give up the chase.

During the next few hours a number of the settlers, who had gone out with the ill-fated expedition, came straggling in, but by far the largest portion paid the penalty of their lives and never again returned to their home or friends.

PRACTICAL JOKE OF A CHICAGO FIRE ZOUAVE.—A member of the New York Fire Zouaves who had formerly been a type in the Chicago Tribune office, was out on picket duty one day last month, when the following incident occurred:—An F. F. V., with rather more than the usual superciliousness of his race, rode up in a carriage from the direction of Alexandria, driven of course by his "servant." Zoo-zoo stepped into the road, holding the bayonet in such a way as to threaten horse, negro, and white man at once, and roared out "TICKETS."

Mr. V. turned up his lip, set down his brows, and by other gestures indicated his contempt for such mud sills as the soldier before him, ending by handing his pass over to the darkey and motioning him to get out and show it to Zoo-zoo. "All right," said the latter, glancing at it; "move on," accompanying the remark with a jerk of the coat collar of the colored person, which sent him spinning several paces down the road. "Now, sir, what do you want?" addressing the astonished white man.

White man by this time had recovered his tongue. "Want? I want to go on, of course. That was my pass." "Can't help it," replied Zoo; "it says pass the bearer, and the bearer is already passed. You can't get two men through this picket on one man's pass." Mr. V. reflected a moment, glanced at the bayonet before him, and then called out to his black man to come back. Sambo approached cautiously, but fell back in confusion, when the "shooting stick" was brandished towards his own breast. "Where's your pass, sirrah?" asked Zoo-zoo. "Here, massa," said the chattel, presenting the same one he had received from the gent in the carriage. "Won't do," replied the holder of the bayonet. "That passes you to Fairfax; can't let any one come from Fairfax on that ticket. MOVE ON."

A stamp of the foot sent Sambo down the road at a hand gallop. "Now, sir, if you stay here any longer I shall take you under arrest to headquarters," he continued.

Mr. V. grabbed up his lines, wheeled around, and went off at the best trot his horses could manage, over the "sacred soil." Whether Sambo ever hunted his master up is not known.

A LITTLE girl was asked why she no longer liked her doll. The answer was, "Because it vexes me, mamma, to see her better dressed than myself."

A SPORTING COACHMAN.

Before railroads were in vogue, and stage coaches were all the go in England, I threw myself into a light coach for Bath; but perceiving at the first stage a sickly soldier returned from India, who appeared to suffer from the cold, I exchanged places with him, and took the roof; being well provided with a bang-up coat, overalls, camel's-hair gloves, a travelling cap, and a lighted cigar in my mouth.

I took my seat immediately behind coachee, who said, on my mounting the roof, "That's your sort, your honor; you're a good gentleman to take pity on that 'ere poor man; he seems as if all his work was done, as we say; the game's pretty nigh up with him; poor fellow. I made him drink a glass of rum and milk just now." (Speaking to his off leader.) "Will you, Ginger? you little devil, I'll take the shine out of you afore I've done with you. See how mettlesome (addressed to me) we be! you may travel many a mile, master, and not sit behind four better nags. Go along there Rover; steady, old Darby; vy, you're all in high spirits; no lack of corn, in spite of the corn-bill. Yep, yep, my merry ones."

"But, I say, master (giving me a knowing look), you musn't be harking in soft nonsense to my partner's ear (alluding to a pretty girl who sat by him); 'tis a pleasure for a coachman to have such a bit of blood by the side of him; it makes the road so lightsome." (To the girl) "I hope you sit easy, Miss, and that 'ere coat of mine keeps you yarm. Lots of coats we've got, and lots of fun, and all at your service. Law bless your roguish black eyes," (wagging his head and double thonging the wheeler). "Yep, yep, that's your sort; carry on, Nimrod. We don't go to sleep on the road, my pretty maid."

"Don't talk such nonsense," said the girl, pressed at the same time with coachee's attentions. "Nonsense!" repeated coachee, "why you're enough to make a bishop or a judge talk nonsense. I know many a duke as would like to talk nonsense to you; ah! that they would; and you'd do honor to any man." Well done, coachee, thought I; you don't spare flattery.

"I say, master," turning to me, "a'n't she a stylish one? My eyes, how I should like—(to the leader) Will you, Ginger? how I should like such a handsome lass for a wife! She should always have the reins at home, and I'd keep her like a little Queen." (The girl) "What a quizzier you are! Quizzier whip me, if I wouldn't spoil the fellow's singing who'd quiz you; you knows you are as nice a concern as any in England." The girl laughed, adding, "Oh, you coachmen are as bad as the soldiers; you are a parcel of gay deceivers." Not a bit," replied coachee, "we are as true as the needle to the pole."

Whether he meant the coach pole or the North I know not; doubtless the idea came from the compass of his imagination.

He insinuated, in the course of his coachbox courtship, what a happy life that of a coachman was, and told her in fact that it was next to that of a nobleman; "for," said he, "what can a Lord or a Duke do more than drive his four-in-hand all day, and carry on all night, boozing and singing merry songs, hunting songs for instance, and dublin tender, and joking and frolicing, and taking a touch at cards now and then, and never being without a pretty gal (as he pronounced it), to sweeten life's journey? Then I keeps my bull dog and my pair of terriers; and once in a way takes a holiday, for bull-baiting and badger baiting; and I can lie in bed, or gamble, all Sunday and care for nobody. I have always my pocket full of ready cash, and that's more than many a prince can say; and I does no work, and that's more than half the nobility can say, for some of 'em do some very dirty work. I'm not subject to be drilled or commanded like a soldier, or be led by the nose like the tool of a minister, nor to be turned off at a minute's notice, like your Parliamentary whips, as drive a job in the state chariot, nor to go cap in hand canvassing for votes, or for a place or pension. No, I knows my work, and am master of it; and if the passengers are generous to me, I thanks 'em; and if they ban't, they may be —. Come up, old Windsor" (spoken to the wheeler).

"Well, if I gets nothing by the regular passengers, I helps myself with the lifts; says nothing about Yes, no more than our married quality, and so we carry on. As for company, I keeps the best in the land. Didn't young Wildairs, the Baronet's son, serve his apprenticeship on this box, and treat me like a brother? and when I drove the Eton coach, hadn't I Dukes and Lords for my daily companions?" "Yep, yep." "And proud of driving and of dressing, and of looking like myself (for my reader must know that coachee was a great swell, as he calls it). And then the pretty gals as I've drove!" (To me.) "Sir, I beg your pardon, take care of that 'ere bag as hangs by your side; there's a game cock of mine in it; and I'm to match him next week for ten guineas! But I say, my dear, don't be cruel; you may do worse than take me."

Here he pulled up in prime style, and called about him like a ruffian lord. "I say, Jem Ostler come, look sharp, don't go to sleep." (To me.) "Now, master, you shall see a pair of leaders, worth a cool hundred apiece, and the wheelers brought out of a ruined Baronet's stables. May a buck have I seen done up, and brought to a standstill, whilst I carry on just the same." "I say, Marry, I dare say your name's Mary, you looks so mild." "No," said the girl on the box; "it's Sally." "That's prime; that was the name of my first love (a very stale trick in love-making, this name-fancying); and you shall be Sally of our alley. But, charmer, I say, what shall I treat you to? Will you have a doctor, or a glass of mulled wine, or some lamb's wool, or a comforter, or a drop of Jackey?"

The girl took the mulled wine as being most gen—teel. "I say," continued he, "sarve my young lady here, old copper-nose, and I'll pay for it, and I'll treat you to a yard of tape for yourself."

"Wo, ho, my fiery steeds; that's your sort! All right, Joe? Off we goes again! Fresh as fire! That's your life, Sally!"

Thus did he carry on courting Sally, until the end of his day's drive. I could not help laughing at his conceit in comparing his life to that of the dashing, sporting nobility; but when I was informed that he had spent a fortune before he came of age, and then took to what he was fittest for—the coach box; that he was a married man and a gay deceiver, and that he was what the ostler called "up to the thing," I began to consider the likeness was greater than I was at first aware of; for, from high life to low life, there is but one step, when their pleasures, their pursuits, and their dissipation so strongly resemble each other; and, in short, I discovered that a man who should take a moralizing frame of mind along with him, might find exercise for it everywhere.

PLAYING MERMALD.—Next to dancing, swimming is regarded as the most healthy, exhilarating, and grace developing exercise. Young ladies may remember that art has caught many a bewitching inspiration from the baths of maidens rare, and that when they do swim it is always observed that American ladies are perfect ducks. In Philadelphia they have a Natatorium, and it is as good and perfect a thing as Philadelphia butter, respectability, or ice-cream. The ladies are all crazy about it, and do all their romping in the water, and mean to make skill in swimming the great social test. The Natatorium is conducted with entire propriety. The swimming divinites adopt a simple sea-side toilette, and are put through the motions by an experienced merman and his accomplished wife. Would it not be a pleasant relief from the tedium of these dull days to institute a swimming school, or a number of swimming schools in this city? Why not a swimming pond as well as a skating pond? To be invited to an evening soiree in full bathing costume, or to a conversation at 9 P. M. under water, would be a novel and agreeable treat. We ought to be able to do our diving and floating, and water-treading at home, instead of at the sea-shore. But most of all to be envied are they who can go head foremost into cool, dark depths, where the water is an original element and pure.

A JUVENILE HERO.—The following affecting anecdote is introduced in the work ascribed to Louis Buonaparte, on the government of Holland:

"During the fatal explosion of the Orient, the conduct and death of the young Casabianca were deserving of remark. This boy, whose age did not exceed thirteen, displayed the utmost activity. Stationed among the guns, he encouraged the gunners and sailors, and when the firing happened to be impeded, in the heat of the action, through excess of zeal and agitation, he restored order and tranquility by a coolness which was quite astonishing for his age; he made the gunners and sailors sensible of their inadvertencies, and took care that each gun was served with cartridges suitable to its calibre."

"He did not know that his father had been mortally wounded; and when the fire broke out on board the Orient, and the guns were abandoned, this courageous child remained by himself, and called loudly on his father to tell him if he could leave his post, like the rest, without dishonor. The fire was making dreadful ravages, yet he still waited for his father's answer; but in vain. At length an old sailor informed him of the misfortune of Casabianca, and told him that he was ordered to save his son's life by surrendering. He refused, and ran to the gun-room. When he perceived his father, he threw himself upon him, held him in his close embrace, and declared that he would never quit him. In vain his father entreated and threatened him; in vain the old sailor, who felt an attachment to his captain, wished to render him this last service. 'I must die—I will die with my father!' answered the generous child. 'There is but a moment remaining,' observed the sailor, 'I shall have great difficulty in saving myself; adieu.' The flame reaching the powder, the vessel blew up with the young Casabianca, who in vain covered with his body the mutilated remains of his father. Such is what the old sailor related to General Kleber and Louis, on landing at Alexandria."

WHAT IS NEEDED.—We need for our dwellings more ventilation and less heat; we need more out-door exercise, more sunlight, more athletic and rude sports; we need more amusements, more holidays, more frolic, and noisy, boisterous mirth. Our infants need better nourishment than colorless mothers can furnish, purer milk than distilleries can manufacture; our children need more romping and less study. Our men need more quiet, and earlier relaxation from the labors of life. All men, both young and old, need less medicine and more good counsel.

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